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The Fate of Supermen Who Perished 20,000 Years Ago?

Evidence Which Suggests There Was a Powerful and Highly Civilized People Who Understood Secrets of Nature Which Were Only Recently Rediscovered by Modern Man--Where They Lived--What Destroyed Them

By Prof. Rene Thevenin,
The Distinguished French Scientist.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

IN the previous chapter was explained that when modern science cleared away the ignorance and superstition of the dark ages and began to put knowledge on a secure, orderly basis, some disconcerting discoveries were made about the very remote past. Back of that rubbish heap of misunderstandings and stupidity of the Middle Ages, the ancient Greeks and Romans and Egyptians were seen to have enjoyed considerable amounts of correct knowledge. But this was reflected light from still earlier ages and to the astonishment of modern researchers, the further back they went into the past, instead of ignorance getting denser the light of knowledge became brighter. But this great illumination, this source of the first science, is somewhere back of the threshold of history, where must have lived a prehistoric race of extraordinary minds that grasped astronomy and mathematics and discovered many things that modern science is only just rediscovering.

For instance, the ancient Greeks had heard from some even more ancient source that the old god Saturn had a habit of devouring his own children, also there was a planet in the sky named Saturn. The Greeks told the Romans and after the Greece-Roman civilization was blotted out in the night of the dark ages, a few persons here and there still remembered that one of the big stars that did not twinkle was named Saturn, after the god who devoured his children.

Finally, about 800 years ago Galileo upset the good people of his time by inventing what was supposed to be the world's first telescope. One of the objects viewed was, naturally, Saturn, and there supposedly for the first time were revealed his rings and satellites. Later when astronomers looked again those features were not visible. The astronomers stared at each other with awe. Saturn had devoured his children. Later the children returned to view that all the original inventors of that Saturn legend had meant—that sometimes they could not see the planet's rings, etc. What the modern astronomer wants to know is how those old fellows, long before Greece, saw them at all. And see them they probably did, because on Assyrian monuments, thousands of years old, Saturn is shown with a ring.

If the human race entered historic times with so much accurate understandings of the universe, why didn't people have sense enough to carry the lamp of knowledge with them instead of leaving it behind until finally humanity foundered in the almost total darkness of medieval times? Let us travel slowly backward on that shadowy road to the past and perhaps we can see what happened.

The first discovery that strikes us in the course of this backward march is that after having taken the first few steps, the darkness comes on very quickly. We find ourselves in a night much blacker than that of the Middle Ages. As soon as we have groped backward over the threshold of the 19th century, the darkness begins and when we have descended two centuries more the shadows thicken to midnight.

One ray of brightness remains to guide us, it comes from the later part of the 19th century. But this brightness is not produced at this level itself. The age receives its light from much further back, from an ignity, and it only comes enfiled as if reflected by a dimmy mirror. Between the antique lamp and ourselves there is the impenetrable wall of night of which we have just spoken. It is found especially in the Middle Ages.

It was in that period that humanity went astray. In that period, after having seen clearly, it became completely blind. It is there that we must step in our backward march and find out what accident happened and what has put out the lamp.



Among Many Modern Races Natural Phenomena Are Witnessed With Terror and Explained by the Most Gross Superstitions—It Is Not a Long Time Since Civilized Nations Thought About Them in the Same Way. But the Real Cause of These Phenomena Was Well Known in Pre-Christian Antiquity. The Knowledge Was Lost

It is probable that when we continue to descend we shall find other patches of darkness similar to this one. We shall free ourselves from them by continuing our search. When we shall have explored the subterranean depths of their most hidden corners, we shall finish by finding the door which will lead us to the truth.

In the black night of the Middle Ages, where we are assumed to be at this moment, let us look for the thread which will guide us to the end of our journey—the science of nature, in which alone we should have confidence.

It is so different from what we call "science" today that we have great difficulty in recognizing it. We have, however, questioned many persons who seemed distinguished by reputation, admirable intelligence, uprightness of character and the pains they took never to make any statement of which they were not certain. We have not looked for them in the most modern areas of the period, but in that past already lighted up by the dawn of modern times—that is to say, the middle of the sixteenth century.

One of the greatest scientists of that period came to our help. This was Ambroise Pare, the celebrated French surgeon, who is called with justice "the father of modern surgery." He invented surgical innovations which are still used. He was among the first to venture to study openly the structure of the human body, and his work on anatomy may be consulted with profit even by the doctors of today. At the same time he was of irreproachable professional honesty. He asserted nothing that he had not checked up. When the sources of his operations brought him many eulogies, he replied, showing the sick man that he had saved from death: "I gave him my care, but God cured him."

This scientist sums up the best science that could be found at the end of the black period. "We could not have a better guide. Here is the true type of scientist groping in that darkness, himself a light to others. He

is careful, accurate, honest and modest, on his own specialty, surgery. Yet get him off that line and he is as unreliable as anyone else in that superstitious age.

It happened that in his youth a remarkable natural phenomenon had occurred—the appearance of a comet. He saw it and described it. As we know today what a comet is and so, our astronomers have long studied its structure and manifestations, we shall be able to check the description of the illustrious surgeon of the King. This is how he described it in his "Celestial Monstrosities":

"This comet was so horrible, so terrible, it created such great terror in the common people that some of them died of fear and others fell sick. It looked to be of exceeding length and was the color of blood. At its tip one could see a curved arm holding a great sword in its hand as if it were about to strike. At the very end of the point there were three stars; on the two sides of the rays of this comet there were to be seen axes, knives, swords covered with blood, among which there were a large number of hideous human faces, with brilliant beards and hair."

In order that this description might be perfect and leave no room for any doubt, Ambroise Pare accompanied his text with a careful drawing in which the sword, stars, axes and heads were faithfully represented. We have chosen this example among a hundred others because it shows so clearly how the most honest and greatest scientists believed, in good faith, in the grossest superstitions as soon as the question was a little removed from their customary sphere, the one thing they had studied and tested.

Pare was a doctor—he was not an astronomer. Moreover, this comet appeared in 1528 and he was only 11 years old at this time. We see in him the curious case of a child who allowed himself to be influenced by the gossip of the ignorant, who was subject to suggestion by them and who, when he had written his book much later, preserved a simple confidence in the impressions of terror of his childhood without seeking to check them up, because everybody around him accepted them.

That Fabulous Animal, the Dragon, Is Found in the Beliefs of All Races. The Accompanying Text Explains How the Belief in This Monster Was Formed, and in Spite of Its Apparent Absurdity Proves the Considerable Amount of Facts That It Contains.

Nevertheless, Pare was very learned and certainly knew the work of the scientists of antiquity. Although he was probably ignorant of the science of the Chaldeans and Egyptians, because it was almost unknown in his time, he had been able to listen to a feeble echo of it in the comments of Greek and Latin authors. He had certainly read Seneca. This great Roman scholar, referring to Apollonius of Tyana and other persons who had been educated in Egypt, says in his "Natural Questions":

"According to Apollonius, comets are included by the Chaldeans among the wandering stars and they know their courses. The comets are really planets, such as the sun and the moon. Their orbit is not apparent. They cross the highest regions of the sky and only become visible in the lower part of their course. Comets are of great number and of more than one kind; their dimensions are unequal and their colors different. Some are red without brilliancy, others white and shine with the brightest light. Their light increases and decreases like that of other stars which shine with more brilliancy and appear larger as they descend and come near us, while they grow smaller and less luminous when they move away to a distance."

Diogenes of Apollonia, Hippocrates of Chios, the Pythagorean School of Philosophy, etc., had taught the same facts. In the 5th century the Greek author, Stobaeus, wrote:

"The Chaldeans say that comets are stars which are concealed for some time, because they are too far from us, and which are seen when they come near to us in accordance with the laws which govern them. They are really stars which appear to be annihilated when they go back to the region of the sky they came from and plunge into the profound abyss of the ether, like fish going to the bottom of the sea."

These remarkable statements which, in their general sense, would not be rejected by an astronomer of today and which were written from 1,500 to 2,000 years ago, are only a feeble reflection of the older science of men of 10 to 60 centuries ago. They were repeated and read throughout the Middle Ages without being understood by anybody. The science of nature was then quite dead. All the great secrets in the world were forgotten.

On this point innumerable examples might be cited. We must confine ourselves to mentioning one. But to give it more weight, we will not take it from the Middle Ages but from the threshold of modern times to show how disastrous was this period of darkness to the natural sciences and continued to be so even when men thought themselves freed from it.

The example is that of a scientist who was as scrupulous and serious as one could wish and who specialized in the matter of which he writes, unlike Pare in writing about astronomy. He was Doctor Scheuzer, a well-known physician and naturalist of Zurich, who lived less than 500 years ago.

In an excellent work the "Itinerary of Switzerland," he described, as a preface to his work, what he would like to find in many modern works, most of the Alpine plants and animals. The text is accompanied by drawings in which the humblest moss and the tiniest insects are reproduced in such a manner that a botanist or an entomologist of today would find them very useful.

One turns the pages charmed with the scientific interest of these documents—and one suddenly comes across a description of a terrible dragon plentifully supplied with scales, which seems to have been copied from nature, as exactly it is executed, and which the author calmly describes as closing the entrance of a certain cave whose location is stated so that there can be no possibility of error.

What does this signify? Does it mean that the ancient authors were all impudent liars who were laughing at their readers? We are sure that they were not—that they were absolutely sincere. Then were they more stupid than the most ignorant of today? The answer is that they were not. They possessed a genuine science. They studied, reflected and observed. And at the very moment when we think we have completely lost, through their errors, the guiding thread which should bring us out of the darkness, the crude fables and superstitions are the very things that help us to find that thread again and which will lead us on the right road.

Let us consider the absurd story of the fabled (Continued on Page 2)

Cannibal Snakes' Grim Eating Contest



COMPARED with the other creatures that roam the earth, swim the sea and fly through the air, snakes are anything but gluttonous. In fact, they might properly be called the dieters and fasters of the animal kingdom, for they often go for weeks without taking anything into their systems except water. But when a snake is hungry, it's hungry, and will fight for a meal as no other creature will. At such times it becomes the most vicious and dangerous of cannibals and, if possible,

will eat any other snake that happens to fasten its fangs on the same article of food.

The photograph reproduced above was taken in Snake Park, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, and shows two hungry puff-adders feasting on a rat. The snake at the right had just taken a good grip on the rodent when the other reptile came along and decided to share the morsel.

The affair turned out to be the grim sort of eating contest, for the

puff-adder first on the job eventually swallowed not only the rat but the other snake as well.

The victor crawled sluggishly away, stretched to more than twice his normal size at the conclusion of the repast and lay curled up in a stupor for more than two weeks while his system digested the monstrous meal.

Such happenings are common at Snake Park during the summer season when the hundreds of reptiles kept there are hungry. The snake which first takes onto a rat, a frog, or a guinea pig, is not always the winner in com-

bats such as that shown in the photograph, as often as not the smaller of the adversaries will, by clever maneuvering, consume not only a full-grown rat, or frog, but a snake bigger than himself.

Here's how such a cannibalistic eating contest is staged: A snake gets his heady eyes on a rat and with a flashing movement of his body pinions the creature within his jaws. While he is engaged in the rather slow process of sucking the rat through his jaws and down into his body, another snake comes along and fastens his jaws on the other end of the meal.

Then each snake, clinging stubbornly to the rat, takes in more and more of the animal by a series of jaw-spraying and convulsive thrusts of its coiled

body. After perhaps ten, or fifteen minutes of this the mounds of the snakes touch. Then begins the second and more vicious stage of the competition. Each snake spreads its mouth as wide as possible in an effort to lap its jaws over those of the other. The successful combatant, once he has enclosed the enemy's jaws within his own, makes a swift lunge. After that the struggle is just a matter of time for the loser, inch by inch, the loser's body disappears within that of the winner.

F. W. FitzSimons, director of the Port Elizabeth Snake Park, once saw a veritable massacre of smaller snakes by thirty black-necked cobras and ringhals. An attendant had failed to lock the meshed door between the pen occupied by the cobras and ringhals and the pens holding the smaller reptiles. The big snakes were slithering about the pen literally gobbling up their smaller cousins. Before the big snakes could be driven back into their own enclosure they had consumed more than five hundred dollars' worth of snakes.

These Participants in a Rat-Eating Contest Are Puff-Adders, Determined Each to Having the Full Meal. When Their Noses Met, the Stronger of the Two Swallowed the Other, as Well as the Rat. It Seemed Incredible to the Onlooker, as the Adders Began to Swallow the Frightened Rodent, That Their Jaws Could Stretch Sufficiently to Begin the Process of Digestion.

A Race of Supermen Who Perished 20,000 Years Ago?

(Continued from Front Page)

dragon as it is generally given. Examining it closely and intelligently, we shall see that it contains a large element of truth, and that will show us the path to follow in our future researches.

We find the story of the dragon in the legends of all races in the world. And everywhere it is nearly the same: a kind of enormous lizard covered with scales, carrying horns and a crest on its back, spitting fire and living in the depths of the earth to guard the treasures which are hidden there.

It is described as having this appearance in Arabian stories and in the ancient Chinese and Hindu texts. We find it continually in the extraordinary stories of adventure of the Middle Ages. This dragon watches over the treasure of the gods in the Scandinavian Edda. It holds princesses prisoner in the legends of chivalry. It was common in early Greek stories—a dragon guarded the golden apples of the garden of Hesperides and another protected the golden fleece of Colchis.

Its existence is so well proved, its role in the world of such importance that many nations adopted it as a symbol of power, or as a totem and emblem of their power. The Chinese or carved it on the bows of their ships, as the Vikings pirates did.

How did this universal belief arise in a creature which never existed? It is easy to reconstruct the origin of this legend in the light of our present knowledge. In all times, in all countries, men have found under the earth or in the depths of caves difficult to reach, imprints or bones of extraordinary animals. These animals were often gigantic.

The ancients who found the bones of these gigantic fossil saurians did not need to be anatomical experts to see that they were reptiles, lizards 100 times bigger than any they had ever seen alive, but they had no way of knowing that the last of these monsters died millions of years before. The ancient miners carefully described what such a lizard might look like in the flesh and some other things that happened when they went seeking treasures of metal in those dragons' caves. They often found bones of smaller animals and of men whom they thought the dragon had killed. How did he kill them?

Sometimes they saw men killed with the dragon's fiery breath.

In modern mines when a miner is strangled by "choke damp" or blown up by "fire damp," everyone understands that these are natural gases. But the word gas, which means ghost or spirit, is a very modern discovery.

When the streets of London were first lighted by gas, it was called "smoke." The ancients called it the fiery breath of the dragon which came belching up out of the depths of the cavern at them. Lifting up the mask of fable, we see the face of truth, man's honest attempt to give a warning that everyone could understand, to look out for a fiery and poisonous breath that came belching up from the depths of mines.

Following this thread of fable of the Middle Ages, we will later learn why the dragons were so deadly.

We have learned that in many questions ancient Greek and Roman thinking knew much more than the people of the Middle Ages and that their sciences came to them from earlier civilizations. How had the Greek and Romans obtained their science? And how is it that a pre-damp no previous would have been lost in this way? Why did not scientists transmit the heritage of truth from generation to generation? Why is it that in the Middle Ages they did not appear even to suspect its existence?

At this later period the elite of Europe knew less about the physical laws of the universe than some savage tribes which lived at the same time in the heart of Africa. We shall see that certain of these dark races had an advanced civilization when Europe was still plunged in complete barbarism. How did they obtain that civilization? This is an enigma that we must answer, and which will help us to raise the veil from a mysterious past much more distant than the earliest recorded history.

But let us first settle the question how scholars lost track of the science of nature in the Middle Ages. If they did not preserve it, into whose possession did it pass? These are questions to which the discoveries of modern science enable us to give an answer.

(Continued Next Sunday.)



President Von Hindenburg of Germany, Following the Precedents of King Carol of Rumania and Mussolini, He Appointed an Official Dragon. The Aerial Chosen for the Honor Was Named After a Vote Which Picked Her Berlin's Most Popular Entertainer. She Is Fraulein Erika von Thellmann, of the Berlin Ballet, and is to be seen in the Forefront Above.

Germany's Giant Plane Catapult

UNDER the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, Germany cannot do certain things which might make it the tremendous military and naval power that it was at the beginning and during the early stages of the World War. It cannot raise and equip a large army; the formidable fortifications which were dismantled after the armistice must not be rebuilt and re-armed with long-range guns; its navy must remain a skeleton fleet, supposedly capable of police duty but incapable of meeting the navy of any other of the great powers in marine combat.

But Germany is doing everything that can be done within the law, so to speak. She is building "vest pocket" battleships, which are efficient out of all proportion to their small size and tonnage, and quietly working toward the time when she may, again, be supreme in the air.

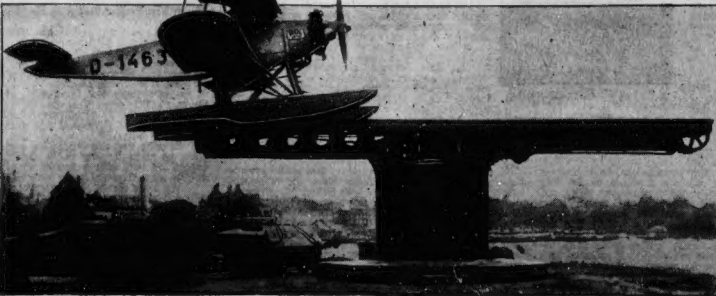
For several years, German engineers have been experimenting with catapults to toss airplanes into full flight from the ground and from the decks of ships and their most recent device of this kind seems to surpass in simplicity and

efficiency any similar machine turned out by the inventors of other nations.

The photograph at the right shows this catapult with a seaplane perched on its business end ready to be thrust forward over the waters of the Kiel Canal. It is said that this plane-tossing, it fool-proof in operation and that its simple and revolutionary mechanism enable it to snap a heavy plane into the air at a greater speed and with less movement of the catapulting arm than is possible to any similar device yet perfected.

Just how the catapult works is, of course, a secret known only to German engineers, but one great advantage of the machine over other contraptions of its kind is its swivel base which makes it possible to head the plane in any direction and send it into the air against the wind.

A second apparent advantage over other catapults is found in the small space that it takes up, which makes it as usable on naval and merchant ships as on land. The single arm of the machine and the housing of its machinery inside the compact cylindrical base also make it a difficult target to hit from the air.



The New Catapult for Launching Planes, Which Has Just Been Completed at Kiel, Germany. From Which Very Large Craft Can Be Launched Without the Aid of a Runway. The Catapult Revolves So as to Face the Wind for Take-Off.



The Curious Vehicle Which Is Paraded Through the Streets of Kyoto, Japan, While the Natives Celebrate the Feast of the God Gion to Invoke the Deity's Protection Against Epidemics.

A Noise Factory On Wheels

THE Japanese are, by nature and by custom, a quiet almost taciturn race. But for 18 days out of every year the streets of every city and large town in the land of the Rising Sun become thoroughfares filled with a deafening din beside which the racket of an old-time American street-race of Japanese to be more powerful than the most effective of medical preventives and remedies.

This sacred band wagon, weighing several tons and towering more than 40 feet in the air, is equipped with all sorts of devices for creating an infernal and nerve-racking racket. Hanging from its pagoda-like roof are long strings of bronze and copper bells with the tinkle of cow bells. Under the pavilion and within its lower story are great gongs on which shifts of strong men beat as the huge cart is drawn through the streets.

As many as a hundred people are crowded into and onto the cart, all of them pounding gongs, ringing bells, and blowing lustily through horns and pipes which emit sounds resembling the moo of a cow, the bleat of a lamb and the bawling roar of a foghorn. The ensemble effect of these sounds, heard by the hosts to be appreciated, but few people object to it because while their ears are unpleasantly assailed their minds are comforted by the thought that the terrific din is winning the favor of Gion and scaring the invisible evil spirits that spread epidemics out of the land.

up to him from his earth-bound workshop.

The photograph above shows only one of the many ponderous "noise factories" which are pulled through the crowded streets during the 18-day period of ear-splitting supplication to an ancient god believed by thousands of Japanese to be more powerful than the most effective of medical preventives and remedies.

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Everybody Laughs But Mrs. Harriman

The Multimillionaire Washington Widow Returns From Bermuda, and Finds Her Multimillionaire Neighbor, Raymond T. Baker, While Building a Residence on the Neighboring Property Has

Allowed Thousands of Loads of Excavated Dirt to be Dumped on Her Lovely Lawn—So the Infuriated Mrs. Harriman Goes to Court to Make Somebody Take the Horrid Pile Away



View of the Historic Colonial Residence of Mrs. J. Borden Harriman in the Outskirts of Washington, D. C., and Showing the Sloping Lawn in Front of the House Before the Half-Acre of Excavated Dirt Was Piled on It.

WHEN Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, wealthy society widow, returned last Spring, happy and sun-tanned from a Winter in Bermuda, to her lovely home on Ridge Road, Washington, D. C., she almost fainted. There was the historic Colonial mansion made of bricks that had been brought over from England before the Revolution, just as she had left it, and there were the beautiful landscaped lawns and gardens, what could be that dreadful yellow blot obliterating a half acre of the green? Her horrified eyes beheld five thousand tons of stones, dirty looking clay and worthless yellow gravel that, someone had heaped up there to a height of ten to fifteen feet, burying the lower branches of her pet cherry tree.

Mrs. Harriman, formerly a leader of New York society, and more recently of Washington society and politics, rubbed her eyes. The thing must surely be a nightmare, for who would perpetrate such an outrage. "What is it?" she finally gasped to her chauffeur. "It's dirt, Mum."

"Yes, I can see that. But what does it mean? Who put it there?" "Mr. Baker, Mum."

"Not Mr. Raymond T. Baker?" "Yes, Mum."

Mr. Raymond T. Baker was Mrs. Harriman's old friend and neighbor who had bought a large estate next door and was building a \$350,000 home for his latest bride, Mrs. Delphine Dodge Cromwell Baker, the very wealthy automobile heiress. He was director of the United States Mint under President Wilson. That such a wealthy and eminent neighbor would commit such an atrocity on an old friend was unthinkable. Yet somebody had done it.

Picking her way around the forbidding-looking mass that blocked even the main driveway to her front door, she entered her house, summoned all the servants and drew from them the following mystery story:



Mrs. Delphine Dodge Cromwell Baker, Who, With Her Husband, Is Building a Residence Adjoining the Harriman Estate.

business suit and white collar, hurrying from the cellar excavation. On learning of the gardener's threat, the white collar man explained impressively: "It's Mr. Baker's orders."

That took the gardener somewhat aback. These certainly must be Mr. Baker's workmen and he could see by his own eyes that it was Mr. Baker's dirt with which he was being presented and who was he to pick a row with the friend and neighbor of his mistress? However, to his gardener's soul, this thing was a desecration and an abomination and he demanded to know what right even the great Mr. Baker had to give orders to ruin Mrs. Harriman's property.

"None at all," replied the pleasant, white-collar man. "But Mrs. Harriman's consent. But I understand she asked him to fill up that hollow there for her as a favor."

"That isn't a hollow, that is a sunken garden," moaned the gardener. "I don't know a thing about that," said the white-collar man. "But if you are going to call a cop, have him arrest Mr. Baker, not us. We are just hired men, obeying orders."

Photograph of Dirt Pile After It Had Been Partly Removed to Save Mrs. Harriman's Favorite Cherry Tree.

And with that the steam shovel picked up half a ton of clay and dumped it on a rose bush. With tears in his eyes, the gardener saw the shrubs, flower-beds, walks and grass disappear under a heap of nasty dirt.

He consulted with the other servants, who were only slightly less dismayed, but all agreed there was no account must be called a cop on Mr. Baker. Such tactics would surely get them all fired in the midst of the depression. But shouldn't they send Mrs. Harriman a radio message? The best they could think of was this: "Mr. Baker dumping dirt on your lawn. Do you want it?"

This, somehow, sounded foolish and impertinent and nobody was willing to sign it. They put it off from day to day and, as the size of the disaster increased, the more certain were the servants that it must be all right. It simply must be that Mr. Baker had authority and so they had minded their business, though now that Mrs. Harriman asked them, they had struck them a bit queer of her to let him do it.

Mrs. Harriman's blood-pressure rose steadily as she gathered these facts and looked from her windows at the dismal dump that had once been a delight to the eye. Controlling her emotions as much as possible, she called her old friend on the telephone and with only a slight tremor in her sweetest voice exchanged the usual polite greetings of one who has been away for some time.

Mr. Baker was even more cordial, wanted to know about her health, Bermuda and everything except that pile of dirt until finally she was forced to mention it herself.

"I want to talk to you about that dirt," she finally said gravely. "Dirt?" interrupted the voice at the other end of the wire merrily. "My dear lady, I never talk gossip over the telephone. You must save it until Delphine and I have the pleasure of seeing you again. She wants to speak to you right now."

But Mrs. Harriman was not a person to be sidetracked like that. She told him what she had seen and heard and went on to tell him what she had done and he became even merrier. Yes, he had heard about it, some sort of mistake along the line. But what a surprise, what a joke—she must come over and tell them her sensations when she first made the discovery. He finally stopped laughing enough to promise to find out who had done it and told him to dump it somewhere else.

Of course, wealthy Mr. Baker and his much wealthier bride had not hired anyone. All they knew was that they had planned with the architect for a day and, as the size of the architect did all the hiring. Mr. Baker asked the architect, who asked the contractor why it had been done. The contractor would have asked the sub-contractor who had finished his work, gotten his pay and left for Boulder Dam or somewhere. His contract had called for removal of the dirt at so much per cubic yard but did not specify where it must be removed to. That was his business.

When Mr. Baker explained all this to his old friend she again asked him what he was going to do about it. Mr. Baker said to have promised that the next time that practical joker of a sub-contractor was in town he would ask the architect to ask the head contractor to ask whichever one of the sub-contractors had done it to do something about it. Meanwhile, Mrs. Harriman would have to get used to having her lawn look like a public dump in her front yard. After the novelty wore off probably she wouldn't mind so much. She ought to see the humorous side of the matter anyway, and Mr. Baker laughed heartily to prove it.

But Mrs. Harriman did not laugh. She thought that as it was his dirt and men working for him who had done it, he ought to make the damage good at his own expense and collect from the pakey party afterward. Mrs. Baker's lawyer, however, had cautioned him that such action might imply admission of responsibility and let the sub-contractor escape on a technicality. What a funny what ridiculous complications the law's red tape could bring about? "That dirt is the legitimate waste of a Democratic landslide. You ought to be glad. Hal'lo!" she was told.

Mrs. Harriman is also a Democrat, but she was not glad and when she realized that her very wealthy neighborly she became so indignant that it caused the end of an old friendship in high society.

She brought suit against Mr. Baker, his wife, two contractors and two sub-contractors, for \$20,000, demanding an additional \$3,000 for the cost of removing the dirt pile, hoping somehow, out of that flock, to save the guilty fly. To the papers of her legal complaint were appended photographs of the dirt pile. She declared that five thousand tons of dirt had been dumped upon her premises, ruining the beauty of the grounds, and that she demanded was not too much for the damage done to trees, shrubbery, flower garden, and new-laid top soil. In particular she spoke of the beauty of her fine cherry tree, and of the injury done to it by the rotten diggers and dumpers employed by Mr. Baker.

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, From Photograph Taken Several Years Ago, Before She Became a Widow.

of the dirt on her lawn was a reckless performance by a sub-contractor. When I learned of it, I at once ordered it removed."

But an affair of this sort is not so easily remedied. Contractors are notoriously slow, unless they have some reason to be otherwise, and sub-contractors are slower. The dirt pile continued to disfigure the Harriman landscape.

Mrs. Harriman, having brought her suit for damages, was uncertain whether Mr. Baker or the contractors could be held legally responsible for the injury done to her property. So she brought another suit in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. It was an "equity suit," to obtain an order from the court compelling Mr. Baker to remove the five thousand tons of dirt from her front lawn, and was supplemented by a plea for a "writ of discovery," asking the court to decide whether Mr. Baker or the contractor who dumped the dirt was responsible.

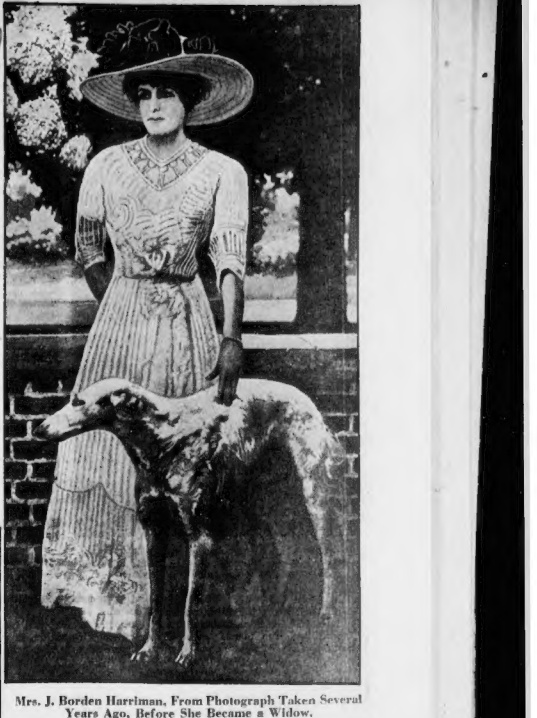
The Supreme Court is usually a rather serious-minded body, yet it tossed Mrs. Harriman's application out as a sort of legal joke, informing her that for other suit should establish whether anyone was responsible. Meanwhile the dirt remains, except where the exasperated widow has, at her own expense, rescued her cherry tree from its dirty tomb.

What drives Mrs. Harriman almost to tears is the behavior of her friends. At sight of that incongruous mess they burst into uncontrollable laughter. This is not from lack of sympathy but because of the outrageousness of the thing, like an urban knocking off a bishop's hat with a snowball.

As a matter of fact, Washington society thinks that considering the vast combined wealth of Mr. and Mrs. Baker, that \$25,000 or more would be a mere pittance of change and that they should have remedied the damage instantly without any argument. While Mrs. Harriman is considered wealthy, she is not in their class financially at all. They do not feel that expense while they would not.

Mr. Baker has always been a lucky man. Besides striking it rich in mining he has twice done it in matrimony, marrying the Baltimore patent medicine heiress, Margaret Emerson, and she had greatly increased her fortune by becoming the widow of Alfred Gwynne. Under the will of the late Mr. Gwynne, she was to receive the title of Viscountess of Gwynne.

It is said that President Wilson meant to appoint his friend, Ray Stannard Baker, a writer, as the biographer of clerk along the line made it Raymond T. Baker. Before President Wilson's death, however, he had confirmed Raymond T. Baker, who, though much surprised and pleased, had accepted and then turned round to do about it but let him have the job. Probably it was a better appointment anyway, because literary men are notoriously careless with money, while Raymond T. Baker is certainly not, as proved by his careful refusal to fritter away any of his dollars cleaning up his neighbor's yard.



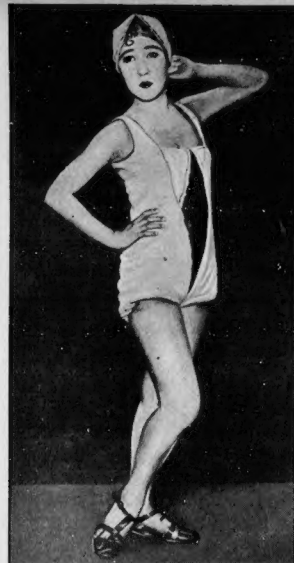
Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, From Photograph Taken Several Years Ago, Before She Became a Widow.

This Picture (at the Left) Shows the Original Height of the Pile of the Dirt Pile and How Much Mrs. Harriman Was Compelled to Cut Away to Save Her Cherry Tree. The Mass Standing at the Bottom of the Tree Shows the Height the Earth Was Piled and the Truck and Waste Branches of the Cherry Tree Show How Far Up the Dirt Reached on the Tree.



Mr. Baker and His Present Wife Taking a Look at the Dirt Pile Their Workmen Bestowed Upon Mrs. Harriman's Lawn.

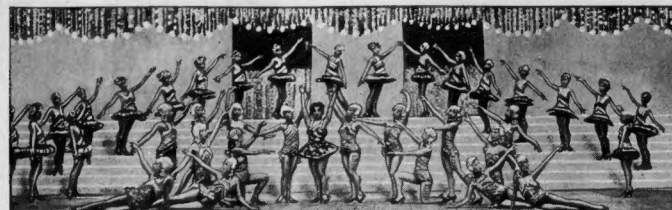
"Follies Girls" in Japan



A Typical Japanese "Follies" Girl, Whose Bony Chest, Unshapely Legs and Ill-Fitting Costume Would Not Compare Very Well With American Chorus.



The Geisha Dance, Pictured Above, Was Once a Great Box Office Attraction in Japan. Today the Japanese Theatregoers Would Deride the Slow, Awkward Dance and the Form-Concealing Kimonos. What They Demand Now Are the Dash and Action of Western Revues, Featuring Native Girls, Undressed or Scantily Costumed, as Shown Below in the Photograph of One of the Newest of the Japanese Shows.



Another Japanese Chorus Girl Proudly Displaying Thick Knees Which Seem as Attractive to the Japanese Audiences as the Slender Legs of Stage Beauties of America Do to the Frenzied Business Men.

TOKIO. The Japanese public is witnessing a revolution in theatricals, and thrilling to revues modeled after America's "Follies" and other

erent glorification of beautiful girls are featured. Responsible for this hitherto undreamed of institution, of course, are the American talkies, which not so

very long ago featured revues of the "Follies" type—and these talkies are just now enchanting the Japanese people and inspiring them to an entirely new form of stage production. At the same time, the showgirls are singing weird translations of such

Americanisms as "You're the Cream of My Coffee," "Falling in Love Again," and "Lonesome in the Moonlight," which in the native tongue goes like this: "Taki ni Nagaku." Every revue has its Japanese equivalent of such persons as Josephine Baker, and

imitators of American movie and stage celebrities. But, alas, the result, to American eyes and ears, is pathetic. The Japanese lack originality. They have made their shows vulgar, blatant and unsightly, thinking them truly American. There is no finesse to the productions. Japanese legs are ugly, as the photographs above testify; the women are short and

stumpy and their voices are squeaky. In fact, the revues are poor imitations and are put on amateurishly. Theoretically speaking, the Westernization and modernization of Japan is less impressive than the old days when kimonos all but hid the showgirls from view. The kimonos at least concealed their knees.

Curious Specimens For European Zoos

TO the curators of the European zoos, and of course, to the public, it is always an event when a peculiar creature from the New World is acquired. Animals from distant countries always have a peculiar fascination.

In recent years, the Berlin Municipal Zoo has been in a tacit competition with the London Zoo, and their agents seem to be specializing in obtaining creatures from South America, where unusual species abound.

London's newest zoo inhabitant is a spider, or rather a family of spiders, from Brazil, which has been attracting lots of attention because it is advertised as a bird-killer. The spiders actually eat small birds, but contrary to popular belief do not trap them as spiders usually trap insects. Instead they ambush their prey like carnivorous beasts. At the same time that the family of spiders was installed in the London Zoo, Berlin announced the acquisition of a Ball Dasupodine, an armored animal that is a midge reproduction of a prehistoric monster.

The Ball Dasupodine, despite its lowly station in animal life, seems endowed with a cunning which certainly did not characterize its monstrous ancestors. When an attendant or another creature approaches the animal, it simulates death and endeavors to camouflage itself against a green background and remains absolutely motionless until certain its potential enemy has passed.



The Ball Dasupodine, a South American Animal Recently Acquired by the Berlin Zoo. The Creature Traces Its Ancestry Back to Prehistoric Monsters.



The London Zoo Is Particularly Proud of This Bird-Eating Spider, Which Also Comes From South America.

What Well-Dressed Africans Are Wearing

THE natives of Nigeria pride themselves on their progressiveness, which is based to some extent upon their imitative nature. And if there is one thing that they admire about the white people, it is their attractive apparel. The Africans of this West Coast country have long since abandoned such primitive customs as painting and decorating their bodies, probably because the clothing of civilization is one of the principal objects of barter with white travelers and explorers who trade in their country.

So modernized have the natives become that no longer are the women content to accept such out-of-date gifts as "Mother Hubbard's" wrappers and sunbonnets. They have seen the moving pictures of America, albeit on portable screens, they have admired the pictures in newspapers which visitors have left for them, and they have, as a result, become style conscious. The successful trader or emissary from another country is the man who arrives with gifts that are in vogue in the capitals of Europe, or, at least, which had been in vogue not too long ago. The accompanying photograph shows a well-to-do family of Nigeria, attired in what, at the moment, is the rage. Fastidious dressers will note at once that the lady of this family is wearing old-fashioned millinery, not unlike the bowler type of Eugene hat, revived this year; that the man feels quite at home in a top hat, which, although a few years old, maintains its height and dignity. Its sheen has long since departed. The little boy, unquestionably the most comfortable dressed, has not gone in for sartorial splendor, but then, neither do boys of his age in any country.

Nigerian civilization begins logically on the coast, where, of course, the natives are in closer touch with the outer world, and where they strive to emulate their white associates. But the viceroy becomes thinner as the interior is approached, and the second cousin of the gentleman seen with the high hat may possibly be enjoying a cannibal feast miles away, although the British Government has about stamped out that epicurean custom.

Modern clothing covers, in Nigeria, breasts that palpitate with superstitious fever, and top hats shelter brains that seethe with long inbred notions of witchcraft and sorcery and fear of the unknown. In Nigeria clothing most certainly does not make the man, and neither does a Eugene hat make the woman. She is still a servitor, without suffrage, and frequently without tolerance.

The diverse peoples of Nigeria, with widely varying standards of development, are scattered over a territory one-third the size of India. They are ruled through native chiefs, of whom the dusky gentleman in the photograph is one. Only a few years ago he wore glorious beaded gowns, slippers and a sort of beaded kimonos. No occasion was allowed to pass without a ceremonial, but this custom is dying out with the advance, from the coast, of civilization's ways.



The Eugene Type Hat Has Been in Vogue for Years in Nigeria, So That the Lady of This Typical Family Is Afraid of the Latest Fashion Dictates. An Expedition of Photographers Selected This Group as the Best-Dressed Family in That Country.

Gem Smugglers Foiled By Science

IT has long been a tradition among the dishonest employees of the South African diamond mines that the only successful means of smuggling out precious stones is to swallow them, and many a precious gem has slipped through the grasping fingers of the syndicate in this manner. Outside crooks and thieves, willing to pay high prices for good stones; but always with the idea of profiting a hundred times, have encouraged such thefts and have organized at various times groups of laborers who could swallow crude diamonds gracefully.

The illicit buyers have made millions in this way, and lately they have been doing a brisk trade. Particularly, within the past few months, have some extraordinary stones been thrown illegally on the market. Their origin has been traced to the State diggings in Namsburg.

This threw the shadow of suspicion, naturally, on workers in that district, and now science has come to the aid of the State in safeguarding the syndicate from such thefts. The expedient is simple but effective. An X-ray is used to determine whether a suspected smuggler has swallowed a gem. Arrangements are under way by which the employees, on leaving their diggings, are to be passed before an X-ray, and photographs taken, and developed, immediately.

In addition to this precautionary measure, wire fences many miles long, and heavy patrols, guard the diggings. Diamond diggers wear a special uniform without pockets and every man is searched when entering or leaving the mines. Airplanes scour the country in search of mining crooks. All these have failed to frustrate the thieves, until the X-ray idea was advanced. When this was first tried, surprising results were discovered. A dozen or more of the workers had become human ostriches.

Without apparent physical injury thieves had lined their stomachs with clay covered jewels worth more than a million dollars. One X-ray expert described them as walking Aladdin's Caves. One smuggler alone carried an internal treasure valued at \$20,000.

Another suspect was followed for an entire month before detectives felt justified in arresting him. In that time he had traveled 200 miles from the mine, and was in conference, when apprehended, with prospective buyers. The man was taken to an X-ray laboratory, and the photograph revealed that he had in some manner kept the gems stored in his stomach. It was later discovered that this man had been a vaudeville performer and that his particular trick was swallowing walnuts.

Each digger is now equipped with an X-ray, a photographic room, and a small staff of operators, before whom pass in review every day, those workers who are not above suspicion. Since the introduction of this scientific preventive against smuggling, the thievery has considerably decreased.

It is the opinion of veteran detectives, however, that diamond stealing will never be wiped out entirely—not as long as illicit buyers hold out glittering baits.

The Ingenious Fraud of the Fortune Teller



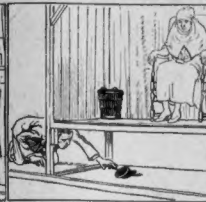
After Pads and Pencils Have Been Passed Around, the "Princess" Steps to the Head of the Platform and Collects the Questions Which Are to Be Answered, in a Cloth Bag on the End of a Handle.



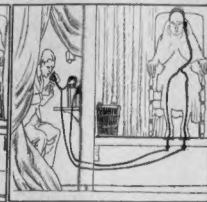
The "Princess" Then Turns the Trick Collection Bag Into a Waste Basket, and the Fortune Teller Can Answer the Questions They Think They Have Seen Burned.



The "Princess" Usually Drops the Trick Collection Bag Into a Waste Basket, and the Fortune Teller Can Answer the Questions They Think They Have Seen Burned.



But the Waste Basket Has No Bottom and the Trick Collection Bag Drops Through a Hole in the Stage and Solely into the Waste Basket. A Confederate Concealed Behind the Curtain Reaches in, Draws Out the Collection Bag, Empties the Secret Compartment and Unfolds the Folded Papers With the Questions on Them.



This Is a Diagram View Showing How the Confederate Behind the Curtain Reaches the Telephone Wires Which Run to Contact Points on the Stage. The Sides of the Stage of the "Princess" Have Copper Plates Connected With Wires Which Run Up Under Her Skirt and Cloak to an Ear Piece Concealed by the Bandanna Wound Round Her Head.



And as the Confederate Behind the Curtain Telephone the Messages Up Through the "Princess" Skirt and Hidden Telephone Wires to the Concealed Ear Piece Under the Bandanna, the Fortune Teller Glances Her Eyes and Answers the Questions Which They Think They Saw Burned Out of the Basket and Burned.

Telephone Wires Run Up the "Princess's" Legs to an Ear Piece Underneath Her Turban and a Confederate Reads Her the Secret Questions Received Through a Basket With a False Bottom

SCIENCE has always been ridiculing and exposing the clairvoyant, the crystal gazer, the palmist, the astrologer, the spiritualistic medium and all other supernatural readers of the future.

But is remained for the ingenious mind of the "Princess" Fatima, the "gypsy psychic," to combine real science which would always work with ghosts and other powers of darkness which are distressingly vague and unreliable. The strange combination worked beautifully and profitably until two New York policemen gathered the "Princess" in the other day, and exposed one of the cleverest psychic rackets that has been heard of since the Fox sisters invented spirit rappings.

The customers of these soothsayers are mostly women but when they catch a man he is usually most glib of all. Before classing all these victims as fools it is only fair to consider how adroitly the "Princess" lured them on. In the first place they did not come to the tea room in downtown New York, with any intention of lifting the veil of the future but merely to eat a perfectly materialistic sixty-cent lunch.

Tea rooms are to be found in attics, cellars and other queer places, are full of weird objects and usually so dark it is hardly possible to read the menu. Therefore, the guests were not surprised to see, looming in the dim rear of the place, against the wall, a black platform about two and a half feet high on which rested a chair, a waste basket, a large crystal ball, a metal brazier, an incense burner, a cologne bottle and other objects. From the four corners rose posts, supporting a canopy. According to the testimony of Policewoman Marie Shanley, who lunched in the place, there were no visible signs of the supernatural until Lucy Smith, waitress, asked if she would like her tea. As any normal woman would get all that is coming to her, not many decline.

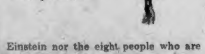
The waitress poured off the tea, and told Miss Shanley to put her hand over the cup and wish. Looking at the leaves the waitress then startled the policewoman by prophesying that she would be involved in a court case, that there would be another war in three years and that she, personally, was in for a lot of trouble. Also she would get her wish.

That was all because Miss Smith's powers were limited, but if the customer wished to know more there was the Gypsy Princess, descendant of an Irish king, to whom nothing was hidden and who would doubtless give her information for a price of only \$8. This same waitress was seen talking to other guests who also put their hands over their cups and presumably also received similar meagre samples of revelation. The "Princess" would be easy indeed who would part with money on a small pretext and apparently nobody did. The first approach—at intervals when the place was full enough to prevent a worthwhile audience an awestricken voice would cry:

"The Princess! The Princess is coming!"

Care enough, from the rear would enter that personage in long flowing robes, a bandanna handkerchief on her head, like a turban, and a scarf around her shoulders which was pinned to the bandanna at the back of her neck. With slow, sedate tread she ascended the platform and addressed the guests. Astrology, she said, was pure science; in fact so pure that only the pure-minded could understand it at all. It was older than history, older than prehistory, older than legend. After telling about the signs of the zodiac, etc., she wound up by defying anyone to deny that Prof. Einstein's discoveries were in full accord with the ancient truths of astrology. Is neither Prof.

Photograph of the Trick Collection Bag Used by the Fortune Teller, Which Contains Two Compartments.



Einstein nor the eight people who are supposed to understand him were ever in the tea room, that challenge was not taken up. Remembering what she had said about pure minds, nobody cared to ask questions.

Still there was no reason for anyone giving up any money; but now the Princess proceeded to a demonstration of her occult powers. A waitress distributed slips of paper and pencils telling the guests to write their names, addresses, date of birth and one question and to fold them up so none could be read.

This was done and everyone watched sharply for trickery to see how the Princess would manage to get a little peek at the writing. A sort of plash bag on the end of a chair pole was held in front of each guest to put in the slip. When all had been collected the Princess took from the bag and dumped its contents into the brazier. Everyone saw the slips flutter into the bowl of the brazier still folded and without being touched by human hand.

Still watching sharply, they beheld the Princess pour alcohol from the cologne bottle on the slips and drop a lighted match on them. In another moment nothing was left but ashes which surely only a smart spirit could read. The bag she tossed into the waste basket and thereafter she never went near the basket or bowl again.

Instead she lit an incense burner, let its smoke play around the crystal globe and sat on the chair with a trance-like expression as if she were looking right through the wall into the future. But did she really see anything and what about those burned questions? After muttering some sort of mumbo-jumbo formula, her voice rang out sharp and clear.

Mary Jones, 22 Oliver Street, Brooklyn. Mary, you want to know if John loves you more than that other woman. He does. Everything will be all right probably but I see certain complications.

One of the ladies in the audience said nothing. The "Princess" was her name, question and all. It was a miracle and therefore, no doubt the answer was the truth.

So to his or her amazement everyone heard their slips read and answered. Yet by no possibility could that uncan-ny woman have seen a word that Policewoman Shanley and Fulhaber, al-though seeing this great work with their own eyes, could see. It was the faith and, after paying three dollars for a private seance and a pamphlet entitled "Astrology Made Easy," were cruel enough to raid the place and arrest the prophetess. An unflinching judge found the Princess Fatima and

This Photograph Shows How the Bandanna Is Wrapped Around the Fortune Teller's Head to Conceal the Telephone Ear Piece. A Loop of the Scarf on the Fortune Teller's Shoulder Is Pinned to the Bandanna to Conceal the Telephone Wires Which Run Down Under Her Cloak.



The Fortune Teller's Telephone Equipment Extending from the Copper Plates on the Bottom of her Shoes With Which are Connected the Telephone Wires That Run Up Inside Her Stockings and Clothes to the Ear Piece Hidden Beneath the Bandanna Wound Round Her Head.



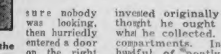
Lucy Smith, the psychic waitress, for all those two policemen could see a very competent spirit must be reading those messages from the smoke and whispering them together with the answers in the "Princess' psychic ear. However, even a "blest ghost" is supposed to obey the laws, so the raid was made and it was seen that miracles are easy when you once know how.

Each time the Princess made her entrance from the rear door, which appeared to be from the kitchen, she was followed by an unobtrusive man, with a weird-looking woman marching into view, nobody paid attention to a mere man who walked quietly out of the tea room and closed the front door. There was no common man, he was John Taylor, cook, former detective, part-proprietor of the tea room, and amateur spook. As soon as John was out in the hall he made

before a narrow shelf. Turning on a light revealed a small microphone hanging from the ceiling. This secret chamber was made of thin partition, just behind the platform on which the Princess exercised her supernatural powers; in fact the partition dropped at the platform floor so that John the cook could reach under it. Faintly he could hear through the partition and the drapes the sound of the "Princess' voice and the seraping of her feet on the platform boards. But he only twiddled his thumbs till the prophetess casually dropped the plash bag into the waste basket. That basket happened to have no bottom and happened to be sitting over a hole in the platform, through which the hole fell within easy reach of John the cook, who grabbed it and became John the spook.

John shook the bag over the shelf and out fluttered the messages which

The Fortune Teller's Confederate Hidden Behind the Curtain as He Reads the Notes Into the Telephone.



invited originally by a deacon who was looking for a share of what he collected. The bag had two compartments. Into one of them a handful of neatly folded but blank slips of papers was placed before the demonstration, and that compartment opened the one with the blank slips. When the bag was passed the slips were dropped into the other compartment.

The Princess, before emptying the bag into the pan of the brazier, was able by a flip of the handle to close the compartment holding the notes and open the one with the blank slips. It was the ones that the spectators saw go up in smoke. From the creaking sounds John was able to tell when the Princess had seated herself in the chair and, after allowing time for the incense and crystal hokum and the mystic muttering, he placed his lips close to the microphone and read the whispering contents of one slip after the other. Through the partition and the hole under the waste basket he could hear the prophetess repeating them and adding a prophetic answer to each query they came back for.

How did the lady hear the whispers? That is where science comes in. Wires from the microphone ran along the under side of the platform to copper rails whose heads studied the boards.

Photograph of the Fortune Teller's Stage and the Trick Paraphernalia. The Fortune Teller Is Shown Seated on Her Throne With a Bandanna Wrapped Around Her Head Which Conceals the Earpiece at the End of the Telephone Wires Which Run Down Inside Her Stockings to the Electrodes on the Sides of Her Feet. The Waste-basket With No Bottom, Which She Over a Hole in the Stage, Is Also Shown. Behind the Curtain, Near the Waste-basket, Is Concealed the Confederate Who Telephones the Questions to the "Princess" Which Were Supposed to Have Been Burned in the Brazier Which Is Shown at the Right.

the dupes in the next room thought were being burned before their eyes. That bag, which seemed to be like what is still used for collections in some country churches, was a trick contraption said to have been invented originally by a deacon who was looking for a share of what he collected. The bag had two compartments. Into one of them a handful of neatly folded but blank slips of papers was placed before the demonstration, and that compartment opened the one with the blank slips. When the bag was passed the slips were dropped into the other compartment.

As soon as she placed her feet on the rail heads the prophesies was in one-way communication with John and the rest was easy. No law was broken in that bit of humbuggery. It is no crime to bamboozle simple people with fake marvels or even to give them worthless and dangerous advice as long as no money is accepted. In the same way any ignorant person is permitted to give medical advice, even if it kills people, provided he does not pretend to be some sort of a medical expert and collect a fee.

Only when money issues is the charlatan in danger of the law. To get around this when customers came for a private seance the Princess told them their reading was free and that the three dollars was in payment for the astrology pamphlet. But the judge imprudent otherwise and imposed the fines.

The slips were preserved in case any of their authors came back for a sitting. If so an appointment was made far enough ahead to get a little information about the sitter. The barest scraps were sufficient, coming from an absolute stranger, to give the impression of supernatural knowledge. Many people think that if anyone gets pleasure out of waiting their money on such harmless frauds the police perhaps should not interfere. But they are not harmless. The dupes of these impostors invest their savings, lose their husbands, send sons to college or business and even obey or disobey the doctor, according to the occult advice.

How did the lady hear the whispers? That is where science comes in. Wires from the microphone ran along the under side of the platform to copper rails whose heads studied the boards.

British Miners Making Their Own Amusing Movies



Filming the Monastery Scene in "Black Diamonds," an All-Miner Tale, Being Produced at Hickleton, England.



Among the Most Interesting of Job and Mules, Which Usually Never See the Daylight, but Spend Their Lives in the Mines. This One's Eyes Were Hooded to Prevent Blindness.



A Bit Incongruous but Amusing. The Great St. Bernard Dogs Which Are Supposed to Rescue Lost Travelers in the Alpine Snowdrifts, Being Taken Along the "Trail," Which Happens to Be a Railroad Track.

JUDGED by the ultra-modern standards of Hollywood, the movies now being made by the coal miners of Hickleton, England, are crude, not to say juvenile. But to the hard-working, poverty-stricken inhabitants of the South Yorkshire coal fields, these photoplays, directed by a miner and acted by casts made up of fellow workers, serve a double purpose—they furnish amusement to hundreds of laborers, some of whom haven't

been inside a theatre half a dozen times in their narrow lives, and they give the miners something interesting to do during lulls and strikes.

The first of the movies, a rather ambitious undertaking called "Black Diamonds," attempts to depict the romance of coal—if there is any romance in the hard and dangerous business of digging "black diamonds," far below the surface of the earth.

Charles Hammer, the miner who produced the picture, "shot" some of

the scenes at the bottom of the pit, hundreds of feet beneath the soil of Hickleton. Most of the film, however, was taken above ground, where the problem of artificial lighting did not have to be solved. During the "shooting" of the outdoor scenes, the company of amateur actors was followed about by a curious crowd of mining folks and sightseers, who got more of a kick out of the proceedings than they would have in watching the filming of a super-feature in the

country's finest motion picture studio.

Perhaps the most amusing scene in "Black Diamonds" is a pictorialization of a dream supposed to come to one of the pit workers. The miner, exhausted by his labors, falls asleep on the job and dreams that he and the rest of his shift are monks in the Alps. The pit mules, used to pull the trains of little coal cars to the elevator running from the bottom of the pit to the surface, are transformed into St. Bernard dogs.

The miners come-monks should, of course, be shown walking through the white snowdrifts high up on the side of some mountain. But, there being no mountains and no snow in Hickleton, the director contented himself with the natural setting and showed his hand-picked players and their canine companions trudging along a railroad track with a string of dirty colliery buildings in the background.

Londoners, when they see this scene thrown on the screen, probably will

fall out of their seats with laughter, but the portions of the movie which show the miners at work and at home are more sincere and realistic than any other such scenes ever taken. These were not so comic to anyone.

Some of the miners developed artistic temperament and couldn't emote convincingly without music. The small piano shown in one of the photographs was used to inspire them to their best dramatic efforts.

English Beauty Acclaimed by Vienna

BEAUTY contests break out in Vienna on the slightest provocation. Hardly a week passes that the "City of Beautiful Women" does not gather together a convocation of feminine comeliness to be appraised by a committee of artists who argue and gesticulate and eventually present a cup, a crown or a medal to some fortunate lady of their choice.

Within the past twelve months Vienna has picked and honored at least a dozen "most beautiful" women. The titles bestowed on the victors have included the most beautiful blonde, the most beautiful brunette, the prettiest red-head, the most alluring curly-head, the girl with the most seductive lips, the girl possessed of the shapeliest legs. And when it seemed that the whole rignamole of pulchritude pagants had been staged the beauty-worshipping Viennese laid a laurel wreath on the head of the girl with the most perfect profile and returned, by necessity, to the old-line beauty contest in which entrants are judged not for any single detail of their anatomy, but for all-around attractiveness.

It would be difficult to prove that the Viennese connoisseurs of feminine

beauty are biased in their judgments, but it is a fact that out of a hundred selections in all-around beauty contests, 90 per cent of the winners have been Austrians. "The artists and sculptors" of other European countries often have accused the Viennese pickers of beauty of taking the attitude that to be genuinely charming a woman must spring from the soil of Austria.

In the most recent of Vienna's beauty competitions, however, the judges departed from their usual custom and wholeheartedly acclaimed Miss Betty Boyd, a native of London, as the fairest member of the so-called weaker sex to be found within the limits of Vienna at the moment.

Professor Friedrich Woyrsch, the eminent Viennese artist, who has painted enough portraits of beautiful women to fill a large gallery, eliminated more than a score of Austrian beauties to honor the English girl for her rare combination of facial comeliness and bodily grace. His colleagues indulged in their usual arguing and gesticulation but, finally, they too unanimously agreed that the prize belonged to Miss Boyd.

"She is the very embodiment of beauty," said Pro-

fessor Woyrsch, in an enthusiastic speech before a large gathering of the city's elite. "In all my years as an artist I have seen few women who could compare with this visitor to our country. I believe I am safe in saying that she is the loveliest foreign woman ever to set foot in Vienna."

At least a dozen Austrian artists and sculptors have asked the English beauty to pose for them before she returns to London and she has agreed to portray her visit several weeks so that they can make some permanent records of her extraordinary beauty. A Saxon good looker.



In the City of Beautiful Women, Which is Vienna, Miss Betty Boyd, an English Girl, Has Been Acclaimed by Artists and Beauty Experts as the Most Beautiful Girl in the Gay Capital.

81 But Still Rides Her Bicycle

WHEN Ponce de Leon, the adventurous Spanish explorer, sought the fountain of youth in Florida," says Mrs. Jennie S. Howarth, 81-year-old resident of Montebello, California, "he was just about 2,500 miles off his course. He went the way of all flesh without ever finding out that he was looking for Montebello."

Of course, Mrs. Howarth is being facetious in her enthusiastic advertising of California in general and Montebello in particular, but she is the proper person to make such a remark because she is about the most youthful old woman in America.

Mrs. Howarth does not, like most women of her age, confine her physical activities to porch sitting and the manipulation of knitting needles. She is full of pep and wants to go places—on her bicycle. Almost every day she can be seen pedalling over the highways of Montebello, visiting beauty spots that she particularly likes and dropping in to chat with some of her hundreds of friends.

Everyone in Montebello knows Jennie Howarth, for she and her family were the first settlers of the townsite that has become a flourishing community. They call her the "Mother of Montebello" and she is proud of the title.

Of course, "Mother" Howarth is not the active person she was in her youth, and she does not ride her two-wheeled machine over the road with the speed of a six-day bike racer. But she rolls along at a smart clip and thinks nothing of taking a ten-mile spin over some favorite routes.

Some of her friends have suggested to her in

recent years that bicycling is too strenuous exercise for a person who has lived a decade beyond man's allotted "thrice score and ten." But Jennie Howarth smiles at this well-meant advice and says she wouldn't think of giving up her bicycle for a rocking chair.

"Old age," philosophizes "Mother" Howarth, "should not be reckoned in years. I can think of many people of 20 who are not as young as I am, and I have seen more than a few young people of 30 who looked and acted as if they were settling down to the unexciting life of senility. It's not rest that keeps human beings well, preserved; it's action."

"Of course a person's exercising must be done in sensible moderation because over-exertion strains the heart and wears a person out before his time. But most people don't hear themselves enough. I actually feel better after a long bicycle ride than I do before I start out. The exercise gets my blood to circulating and makes me feel that I'm healthy and alive."

Like all Californians, Mrs. Howarth ascribes her vigorous health partly to the benign climate in which she lives. But no one can blame her for being a booster for the community that has grown from her family's frontier acres.



Mrs. Jennie S. Howarth, of Montebello, Cal., Who, Though 81, Still Gets a Lot of Fun Out of Riding a Bicycle. She Has Been Riding for Forty Years.



"Quarterpoint" Is the Name of This Six-Week-Old Puppy, Owned by Mrs. H. V. Russo, of Los Angeles. He Is So Small That He Fits Comfortably Into a Chemist's Four-Dancer Graduate. And He Seems to Be Very Satisfied.

Organ Plays and Bell Rings in Empty Church

THE British Isles are dotted with "haunted" castles where the ghosts of persons long dead are said to stalk in the dark of the moon, drag invisible chains over moldy stone floors and blow hair-raising notes on supernatural trumpets. Some of these legends have persisted for generations, but most of them now are accepted as the concoctions of over-active imaginations and jumpy nerves.

Once in awhile, however, a new legend is added to the long and interesting list and the manifestations of some unearthly influence seem so clear that even persons who scoff at stories of the supernatural are inclined to believe that ghostly shapes are cutting up capers among fire-and-blood folk.

The one church in the Herefordshire village of Avenbury. For more than 34 years the little parish was presided over by the Reverend E. H. Archer Sherbert, a venerable and scholarly gentleman who often advised his flock to take no stock in stories of elfs, gnomes, ghosts and such like. He hated superstition like poison and often told his congregation that superstition was a mark of ignorance and of weak-mindedness.

One night, not long ago, Miss Walton, a villager who has kept the Avenbury church clean for many years, was alone in the building. The doors were locked. Suddenly the silence of the place was broken by the ringing of the chimera in the tower. She was half frightened out of her wits, but she crept up the tower stairs and peeped in the belfry. No one was there. That night the good vicar died.

"I have never been one to believe in spirits," said Miss Walton, "but I am convinced that some power beyond human control tolled those bells to warn us of our dear vicar's approaching death."

Next day several villagers were passing the church when they heard the organ softly playing a requiem for the dead. They knew that their organ was on a visit to friends in London and peered in at the windows. The bench before the organ was empty but the doleful melody continued to fill the shadowy interior of the church.

The frightened listeners ran out of the churchyard and summoned other persons to be sure-witnesses of their seemingly impossible story. But when they arrived back at the church the playing had stopped. It has not been heard since the vicar was buried.

Three Wives in Three Months

Notable Achievement of Young Mr. Freddie Ziegler, Jr., New York Night Club "Playboy," and the Unpleasant Predicament He Got Himself Into



Mr. Ziegler, a Stock Broker in the Day Time, Is a Familiar and Popular Figure in the Night Clubs, Where He Finds It Quite Easy to Get a New Wife Whenever He Wants One.

MR. FREDDIE ZIEGLER, Jr., Wall Street broker and race-horse owner and man-about-town, has succeeded in being married to three different wives within three months and without exactly committing bigamy.

Keeping on at that rate, in a year or so he would have more wives than any of the Mormon saints, and before he died might hope to break even Solomon's record of 1,000 spouses. There is said to be a line of Broadway ladies hopefully waiting their turn to be the wife of this wealthy young man, willing for him to love them and leave them (with a divorce and alimony, of course). Men who can pay alimony, even to one wife, are so scarce nowadays that needy Broadway beauties, seeing the "I will share" posters, think that a rich man's alimony should be shared among as many needy wives as possible.

But the third wife, after only two weeks of married life, threatens to spell him for anyone else by suing, not for divorce, but perpetual separation and \$150 a week alimony for life. As a poor girl had to marry first before she can ask the courts for alimony, this would prevent anyone from getting any more out of Freddie as long as the third lives, and she is only nineteen. If the two previous wives were not equally inconsiderate this third who is trying to remove him from the marriage market would never have had a chance to get at him.

Freddie's trouble seems to be that he plays quick hunches in the matrimonial game, just as he does in the stock market. In Wall Street, he is known as an "in-and-out-er," getting his exit all in on a stock one day and all out again the next, usually at a nice profit. Nobody can possibly work that fast in matrimony because, though marriage may be called a lottery, in the eyes of the law it is supposed to be more of an investment than a speculation.

Freddie, at the age of 20, seems to have had that conservative investment idea in mind when he began his matrimonial career. That first wife was the kind one would pick out to stick to for life. She was Miss Valerie Emanuel and not only good and beautiful but a \$50,000,000 heiress. A woman marrying a man with all that



Blanche Reeves, Mr. Ziegler's Third Wife in Three Months. She Says He Locked Her Out From His Apartment at the End of a Two Weeks' Honeymoon.

heirs for only a month would be wasting an opportunity, and he didn't. This one proved to be a most profitable investment. Freddie was taken into a Wall Street firm, acquired a seat on the Stock Exchange, was soon wealthy himself and getting wealthier by the minute. Then this year, at the age of 28, Ziegler lost his matrimonial plan by divorce. He did not mean to lose her any more than a man means to lose \$50,000,000 in Wall Street. He just made a sad mistake.

It seems that Freddie had hurriedly packed his grip, kissed his loving, golden wife a hasty goodbye and dashed away from their Park Avenue home to look at a very remarkable race horse in New Orleans. This was plausible enough because this rising young person had become quite a turfman by this time and it is customary for millionaires to go to see race horses and not horses to go to see millionaires. But when a week later he came home, his wife appeared him with a deadly glance and said:

"Your horse called up." Freddie was obliged to ask what she meant.

"I talked with her," said Valerie, and again the husband was forced to ask for explanation, though he knew it was not going to be pleasant. Her theme was that the "horse" he had been looking at was really a blonde and beautiful young night club character. Mr. Ziegler at first denied that there had been any woman with him on the trip, but finding that his wife was going to get a divorce anyway he admitted that there might have been someone, but absolutely not Miss Dorothy Foster, a blonde and beautiful young companion of Freddie's in his night club tours. Finally he made things pleasant by offering to fix up the evidence and produced affidavits of hotel clerks and porters who said he was with some charmer, but not Dorothy.

On this evidence Valerie won her decree and did not bother with alimony. A fifty-million-dollar heiress can afford to be above the spoils system of matrimony and just marry for pleasure. When Freddie was handed his copy of the decree, he planned through it, noted that he was apparently divorced and skimmed carelessly through the other details. The divorce was mentioned in the papers and read by fair but sharp eyes along the Great White Way.

"Once a man-about-town, always a man-about-town," and Mr. Ziegler had continued to be one while he was married. Now that he was free he naturally devoted even more time to the ladies and discovered that while a wife may be a menace in some ways she is also a protection. Freddie has a delightful way of convincing every woman he meets that she is the most adorable creature that ever passed before his gaze. The natural thing was for each to ask the wealthy broker why, if he felt that way, he didn't marry her. Young Ziegler's answer was easy. He said sang a verse of the old song:

"I would if I could but I can't."

"Why?"

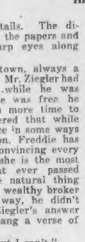
"Cause I'm ma-a-ried now."

But that excuse was not good any more. Nothing is harder for a wealthy, unmarried man to explain satisfactorily to an unmarried woman than why he should not marry her. He can't confess the real reason, that he doesn't want her, because that would be ungallant. Embarrassed, Freddie found himself faced by all to whom he had sung that married alibi. He was a man hunted about town. He was wretched and it seemed to him he might as well be married as the way he was.

With that thought growing in his mind he met Beatrice Bixbee, a California student, and suddenly got a hunch that it might be a good idea to make her his wife. This would once more furnish him with a perfect answer to that annoying question: "Why don't you marry me?"

Beatrice and Freddie had only known each other two days when, on the evening of May 9, inspired by a quart of synthetic night-club champagne, he suggested that it would

Frederick Ziegler, Jr., Snapped in a Bathing Suit While on a Short Vacation From His Night Club Haunts.



Beatrice Bixbee, School Girl, Who Married Mr. Ziegler in May Before He Was Legally Parted From His First Wife and So Had the Marriage Annulled in July.

be a great joke on their friends to run off and get married. It would be on his girl friends, but why on hers is not clear. However, the girl, though only nineteen, seems to have been imbued with the idea of marrying someone. Also a synthetic vintage made of champagne, cider, a vinegar and sugar sometimes gives people unusual ideas. Anyway, she agreed, the pair drove to Harrison, N. Y., induced a justice of the peace to marry them and got them a license, and on the way back the groom surprised his bride by gleefully singing that married song.

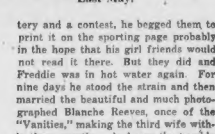
Then he got to thinking about that divorce decree. He seemed to remember some sort of clause forbidding him to remarry without the court's consent for a while. He could not remember how long a while and possibly that might be important.

"Maybe we'd better go over to Connecticut and do it again," suggested Freddie.

"All right, call me up in the morning about it," said the bride as her husband left her at her mother's apartment in the Hotel Pierre.

"The New York Judge said I mustn't marry without his permission till 1924," Freddie telephoned in the morning.

Mrs. Valerie Emanuel Ziegler, the \$50,000,000 Heiress, Who Was Wife No. 1 and Who Divorced Mr. Ziegler Last May.



Whose idea the marriage was and why it soured in two weeks is in dispute. Blanche, though like his second wife, only 19, has had four years of stage experience. Lately she has been dancing at the Hollywood where the girls wear about the same costume as Mahatma Gandhi when he leaves his shawl off, but they are more beautiful. Freddie states that he, Blanche and her mother, Mrs. Juanita Reeves, met at the Hollywood one night and that thereafter for several days the three of them kept in such a state of intoxication that he did not know it when they passed from the State of New York to the State of New Jersey and finally at Hoboken into the state of matrimony. He says it was his mother-in-law who led him to the brink of matrimony and then, while helpless, pushed him in. Of course she denies all this.

Blanche says that Freddie was a big spender and million-dollar kid in the night clubs but as soon as she married him he "went Scotch on her," refusing to even pay for a \$10 wedding ring she ordered.

Freddie took his bride into his own apartment at 68 Park Ave. and, at his mother-in-law's suggestion installed her in a \$150 a month next door. Then he says he sobered up and realized that a great mistake had been made. Besides being stingy, Blanche told sympathetic reporters that after two weeks he purgued Mrs. Reeves to move to the St. Moritz and that when she returned he had barred her from their own apartment, too. Also she mentions that while arguing money matters with her husband in the lobby, a girl who she is sure was Dorothy Foster appeared and ordered him to come away. When Freddie explained that Blanche was his wife, she says the girl answered:

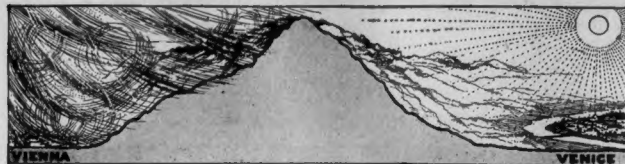
"I don't care what she is, you come with me." And Freddie obeyed.

So Blanche told her troubles to Ira Monness, of the New York law firm of Monness and Monness, and she is now asking the courts for \$150 a week separate maintenance, but no divorce. If she wins Freddie will have a perfect excuse for never marrying anyone else, including Dorothy, whom some of his friends thought would have been No. 4, if this didn't happen.

Freddie has a theory that this time he ought to be granted an annulment because, at the time of his third wedding, he was non compos mentis, hic jacet, non sequitur and almost habes corpus.

Cold, Feeble, Storm-Bound Birds Carried South in Aeroplanes

Kind-Hearted Viennese Take Pity on Thousands of Swallows Fluttering in the Unaccustomed Snow and Ship Them to Venice—But It Was to Jugo-Slavia Across the Adriatic That the Birds Wanted to Go



Unusually Early Snow Storms North of the Alps So Weakened the Swallows That They Were Unable to Fly Over the Mountains to the Sunny Lands to the South.

VIENNA, Nov. 10.
AN UNUSUALLY early and heavy fall of snow this year brought disaster to swallows in Central Europe. The blinding snow interrupted their annual autumn migration to the sunny lands south of the Alps. The birds perished by thousands.

It happens that the city of Vienna is in the direct path of the swallows on their way from their summer homes in Northern and Central Europe to their winter quarters in the Balkans. This saved at least a hundred thousand of them from destruction, for the residents of Vienna arose almost as one to save the shivering, starving creatures. Through the Austrian Society for the Protection of Animals, the birds were shipped by aeroplanes and specially heated railroad coaches to Venice, on the sunny side of the ice-covered mountains.

But, it was found out too late, Venice was not exactly the place the swallows were headed for. Instead of spending their winters around the Lido, these birds were accustomed to winter in the Balkans, separated from Venice by the Adriatic Sea. They felt almost as out of place among the canals of Venice as they had in the snow-covered streets of Vienna. Eventually, however, most of them made the Adriatic flight to Jugo-Slavia and, after all their vicissitudes, settled down to enjoy their annual sojourn under Balkan eaves.

When the unreasonable snowstorm in Austria interrupted the southward flight of the swallows, thousands of them perished because the citizens of Vienna became aware of their plight. The birds dashed themselves against doors and windows trying to reach the warmth within. In clouds they descended on houses and buildings. Public parks and the Wiener Wald, a range of low, wooded mountains near Vienna, became alive with the shivering, shivering creatures.

When the populace at last awakened to what was happening, all Vienna took a sudden interest in swallows. The birds, numb from cold and hunger, were picked up by thousands and carried in handbags, boxes, baskets and handbags to Haidmatten 3, a workshop in the headquarters of the Oesterreichischer Tierschutz-Verein, the Austrian Society for the Protection of Animals. The society was totally unprepared for the cloud of feathered guests, but arose nobly to the occasion. Wires were strung through the rooms and other perches improvised with scaffolding. The birds were given the freedom of the place and plenty of food, although food is the scarest thing in Vienna and many Viennese merely tighten their belts when dinner-time comes.

Nevertheless, the society not only accepted all winged visitors, but broadcast an appeal in behalf of the helpless birds still at large. Men, women and especially children were urged to gather up the birds and bring them in. Then started a regular procession to the doors of the Tierschutz-Verein. Old and young, rich and poor stood in line to deliver their charges which were rescued from all parts of the city. The very rich sent their maids and chauffeurs with the birds gathered up on the big estates.

The rooms of the society were soon crowded to the limit with happy, chirping swallows and still they arrived in a steady stream. The society had at first



In Cages and Baskets and the Expensive Handbags of the Wealthy, the Birds Were Brought to the Animal Society to Be Sent South. The Man in Uniform Is a Chauffeur With His Employer's Contribution of Swallows in the Value.



Loading the Swallows Aboard an Aeroplanes for the 300-Mile Trip From Vienna to Venice.

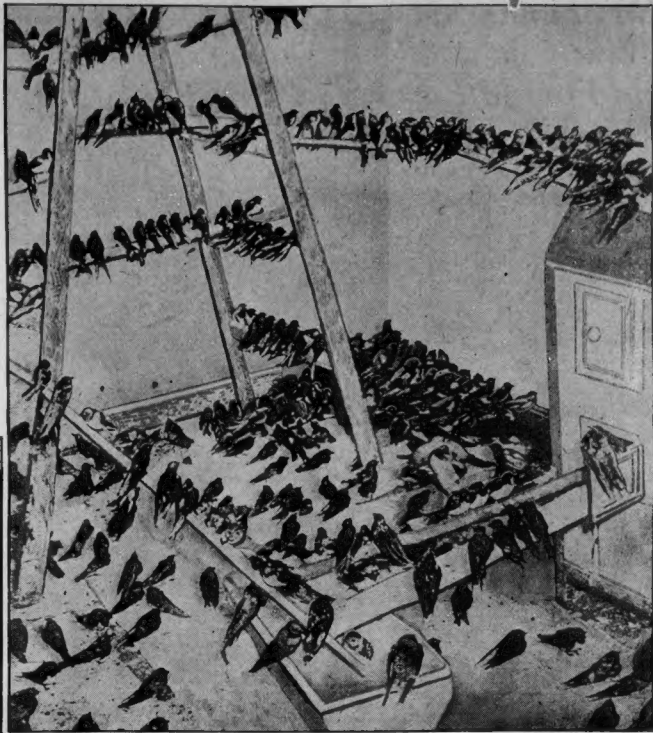
intended to turn the birds loose to resume their migration southward after they were fed, warmed and rested. But reports from the mountains indicated that the passes were filled with ice and snow and that it would be impossible for the swallows to fly over their weakened condition to fly 800 miles over the storm-lashed ranges.

With the rooms of the society filled to bursting with birds, and more arriving hourly, something had to be done until transportation could be arranged. The society looked about and found nearly gone bankrupt. These offices were taken over, fitted with wire roosts and scaffold perches and heated with coal stoves, although many a Viennese these nights pulls a few extra blankets over his head rather than pay the exorbitant prices for coal.

About this time the Austrian Air Transport Company volunteered to carry the birds to Venice by air. The society gratefully accepted. Venice was south of the mountains, the air was balmy, the sun always shone and the swallows had originally been headed in that general direction. In the meantime the birds had made themselves thoroughly at home in the offices of the society and of the defunct bank. They accepted captivity without a single discontented squawk, grateful to be out of that blinding

snow and paralyzing wind. When attendants or visitors entered their quarters, the birds hopped about their shoulders and perched on their heads and outstretched arms. They wanted to be very friendly with these humans who had saved them from the bitter weather outside. The departure of the first big Junkers plane with its cargo of chirping swallows was quite an event in Vienna. The Lord Mayor saw the birds off and handed the pilot a letter to the Lord Mayor of Venice. The first shipment was a sort of experiment, with only 2,000 birds carried. They were packed in wooden boxes 39 inches by 20, about 300 to a box.

On the way to Venice, telegrams were posted from every big town reporting safe progress with all passengers singing merrily. At the Venice airport was a welcoming committee headed by the Lord Mayor in his most imposing silk hat and frock coat. He read the letter from the Vienna Mayor and in a graceful speech gave the swallows the keys to the city and the freedom of St. Marks. He felt sure



Weighing the Banded Swallows for the Aeroplanes Journey Across the Alps. Each of These Cases Contains 300 Live Birds.

continued to reach Venice on more planes. When the weather in the mountains got too stormy even for man's winged machines, 35,000 swallows were sent to Venice in specially heated railroad cars, although the majority of Austrians today travel third or fourth class in ice-cold coaches for lack of cash to buy heated railroad accommodations.

In every instance, the liberated birds appeared bewildered by their strange surroundings. Those that were able to sit once headed across the Adriatic for the Balkan States. This new predicament of the swallows greatly stirred Vienna, which had by no means lost interest in the little wails of the storm. But the birds had to be sent somewhere, so the society decided to give them a good, long ride to Constantinople. The balance of the refugees were, therefore, loaded on aeroplanes and sent to Turkey, on the theory that if they preferred some way station in the Balkans, they could fly back. Despite the Turkish dictatorship, the winged visitors were given entire liberty in that country. They quickly disappeared when released at the Constantinople airport, and it is hoped that they all found their favorite winter eaves.

The error in destination was a blow to the bird lovers of Vienna, but the machinery had been set in motion and it was too late to stop it. More swallows, as many as 25,000 at a time, continued to reach Venice on more planes.

The swallows were released from their boxes amid general cheers. The swallows did not join in the cheering. Instead they flew to the nearest telephone lines and looked about them in bewilderment. It was at once apparent that the vicinity of the Lido was entirely strange to them. The air was warm, the breeze soft and the sun resplendent, but it was not home to the migratory swallows.

After surveying the landscape and a great deal of shrill chirping, the hardest of the birds soared in the air, circled a few times like homing pigeons to get their bearings, and then started due east across the Adriatic Sea to Jugo-Slavia and their Balkan winter homes. Many of the birds, however, were too weak to attempt the overseas flight and hung disconsolately about the outskirts of Venice.

The error in destination was a blow to the bird lovers of Vienna, but the machinery had been set in motion and it was too late to stop it. More swallows, as many as 25,000 at a time, continued to reach Venice on more planes.

The Storm-Bound Swallows in Their Temporary Haven in Vienna Awaiting Flying Machines to Carry Them Across the Ice-Gripped Mountains to the Southland and the Sun. This Room With Its Make-Shift Perches and the Stove on the Right Was Fitted Up by the Austrian Society for the Protection of Animals.

The sweeping gesture of the Oesterreichischer Tierschutz-Verein in aeroplaning the last remaining swallows to Turkey was disastrous to the society, however. The usual air-freight charges had to be paid and the society went broke. It is conceding a year's moratorium on outstanding bills in order to recoup its finances.

Where the swallows that fell in Vienna came from is a matter of conjecture. The European swallow, scientifically known as *Hirundo rustica*, has a wide range, as have all swallows. They summer from Scandinavia south to the Alps. In winter they migrate as far as India, Burma, the Malay Peninsula and South Africa.

More than 10,000 swallows have been marked and liberated in England. Some have been recaptured near Cape Town, on the southern tip of Africa. The English swallow is most methodical, returning Summer after Summer to the same nest when it still exists. If the old nest is destroyed, the bird will build a new one in the same roof or outhouse. The swallow is the harbinger of the English Spring. In Macedonia, wooden images of swallows are kept by the peasants in prominent places to induce an early Spring. Even in far off Tasmania, in the South Pacific near Australia, the swallow is the emblem of Spring.

The North American swallow, *Hirundo erythrogastra*, in Summer is found as far north as Alaska and Greenland. In winter it travels as far south as Southern Brazil, a distance of nearly 10,000 miles.

Interesting observations have been made by naturalists of the life and habits of swallows. Although they spend their winters in climates fully as warm as their summer abodes, they seem to do all their family raising in their summer nests. Usually they raise two sets of youngsters during the Summer. By some blind instinct, the fledglings always start South a week or two before the veterans, as if the young birds realized their immature muscles needed more time for the flight.

A swallow has been known to use the same summer nest for six successive seasons. Pairs keep together generally for three years, although some birds are promiscuous to the extent of taking new mates for the second brood in a single season.

It will be interesting to note next year if any of the southbound swallows again stop at Vienna in the expectation of finishing their trip by aeroplane.

The Bewildered Swallows Lined Up on Telephone Wires in Venice Surveying the Strange and Unexpected Country Around Them



Mamma's Job in the Animal World

No Human Mother Is Called on to Wrestle With the Problems Faced by Feathered and Furred Parents in Desolate Polar Wastes or Teeming Tropical Jungles



Mrs. Opossum Carries Her Family of Five on Her Back. Where They Almost Disappear in the Long, Coarse Hair.

MOST parents are sure that bringing up a human child properly is about the toughest job on earth. But what about the animal parents in desolate Arctic wastes, or deep Tropical jungles swarming with predatory enemies? Here are problems no human parent has to face. And in the animal world it is generally the mother alone who has to feed and rear her offspring. Most often, the father takes no interest at all in the little ones and sometimes actually devours them if he has the chance.

Among the higher animals, birds and fishes, there are examples of maternal devotion which rank with the finest human parentage. There are also, and so to relate, examples of animal indifference to the fate of their youngsters that human naturalists are unable to explain.

Although the human baby is generally regarded as the most helpless of newborn creatures, it is quite a lively and self-contained youngster compared to the infant kangaroo, or "Joey," as it is known in Australia. This little animal is "prematurely born," according to naturalists. At birth it is so absolutely helpless that the mother picks it up with her lips and deposits it in the pouch that is a characteristic of marsupials. There it clings for several weeks, its little mouth firmly attached to the nourishing walls of the interior of the pouch. But in three or four weeks, the young kangaroo is able to leave the mother's pouch and keep pace with her for short distances. Gradually the distance is lengthened until the growing youngster is able to hop along with the mother all day long.

If in the toddling stages of the infant "Joey," the mother should be set upon by the "dingoes" or wild dogs that infest Australia, her first thought is for her child. She grabs it off the ground, drops it into her pouch and bounds off. But if the pursuit becomes too hot, the mother, alas, abandons the young one and, free of the additional weight of "Joey," tries to save herself.

Of course, most animal mothers will die fighting for their offspring and the shameless conduct of Mrs. Kangaroo is attributed by biologists to the fact that the kangaroo, and indeed all the marsupials, are members of a "degenerate" family. In other words, they are the product of devolution, not evolution. The marsupials date back to the Mesozoic Era, which was anywhere from 50 million to 500 million years ago.

The American opossum is a member of the marsupial group, but seems to have developed independently of its Australian cousins. In most species of the American opossum, the mothers have pouches which are large enough to carry her average brood of half a dozen, but soon this becomes too small to accommodate the growing "possums" and they crawl out of the pouch and climb on to the mother's back. The youngsters hang on for dear life, almost lost in the long, coarse fur, as shown by the photograph on this page.

Birds are generally the best of mothers, but there are a few exceptions. This is notably so among the penguins, those strange and solemn-looking inhabitants of the Antarctic of which there are more than thirty species known. Most penguins have under-



Mrs. Kangaroo and Her Darling Baby. No Perambulators Are Needed in This Family.



Female Penguin With Her Fat Little Twins Huddled for Warmth at Her Feet.

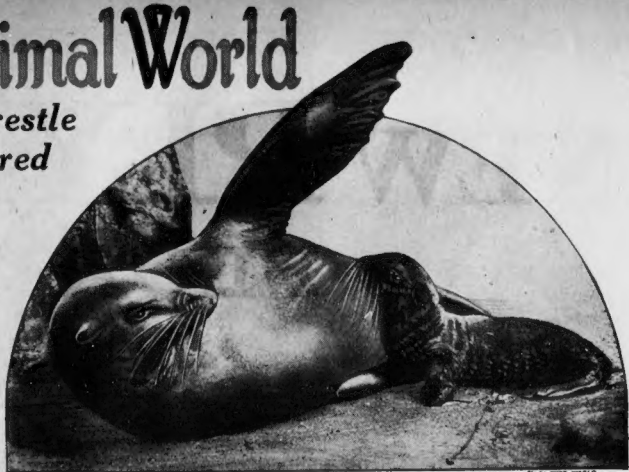


A Night Heron's Hungry Infant Grabbing Her Mother's Beak. Where There Should Be a Juicy Shrimp or Fish.

the largest of the surviving species, lives so far south in the desolate Antarctic wastes that no individual in its whole life ever sees dry land. There are no nesting places on the ice fields, so when Mamma lays her egg, she rests it on her foot to keep it warm. So also the newly-hatched chick roots on its mother's feet, as her own tender feet could not stand the ice.

The climate is so rigorous and infant mortality so high that most of the King penguins are childless. But their parental instinct is so strong that when a mother leaves her egg or youngster in search of food, there is a grand rush to protect the egg or chick. Not only

ground nests and in these the chicks receive the best of care from both Pappa and Mamma. The Adelle penguin, however, nests in the open and its inveterate enemy is a fierce gull called McCormick's skua. The skua seizes the young penguin right out from under the noses and wings of the parents, who must be fatalists, as they make no serious efforts to drive off the raiding birds. As the



Mother Seal-lion With Baby. Mamma's Flipper Is Upraised in a Playful Yet Protective Attitude.



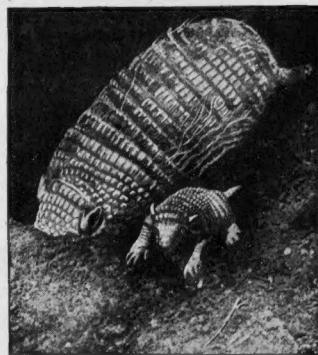
Although Baby Porcupine Doesn't Look Like an Inviting morsel for a Larger Animal, His Fond Parents Keep Him Close to Their Side When They All Go for a Stroll.

do the childless females fight for the privilege, but the males join in the scramble. So the baby is brought up in a sort of community manner, being passed around from foot to foot until it is probable no one knows just who is the real parent.

Penguins are strictly monogamous and monogamous parents naturally take better care of their young. The father usually assists in feeding his offspring and sometimes takes over the entire job. Herons are also monogamous and their unions last for several years, if not for life. Mrs. Heron is a good mother and spends most of her time collecting fish and shrimps for the always-gaping beaks of her young hopefuls.

Of her baby seal-lion has the sole care of her child and takes care of it very well. Seal-lions live under a patriarchal scheme not uncommon in the animal world. It was probably the same system under which our primitive cavemen ancestors lived. All the females are the exclusive property of the biggest and strongest male—as long as he is the strongest. The other males gather together in two separate groups, one consisting of old, expelled or wounded males, the other of the younger males, or "bachelors". As the males all are too busy fighting to get out of the latter group and to the lord of the harem, when her baby arrives Mrs. Seal-lion is left to rear it, unaided. She is a fierce mother and will fight off any attempt to harm her offspring. But she is also a playful mother and, if undisturbed by foes or the embattled males, she will play by the hour with her cub.

The orang-utan is a very interesting mother. As far as can be observed from specimens in captivity and study of the species in their Malaysian jungle homes, they are strictly monogamous and almost human in their joint parental care of the offspring. Pappa



Ms Armadillo Is Rooting for Bugs While Her Young Hopeful Remains Dutifully Close Beside Her, Although He Wouldn't Appear Very Tempting to Even a Hungry Enemy.

Orang-utan tries to guard his youngster, but sometimes Mamma appears suspicious of this solicitude and keeps her young hopeful out of his reach. The orang-utan mother shows her baby how to eat by putting food in her own mouth and chewing it while holding the child close to her face, so that it loses nothing of the lesson. Some scientists declare it is the only animal mother thus to give secular instruction in eating.

A baby porcupine would not seem to be a very tempting morsel for a predatory enemy, but Mr. and Mrs. Porcupine do not realize this. In their fond parental minds, the whole world is after their darling, so when the youngster goes for a stroll, Mamma and Pappa go right along with him to protect him. And porcupines are notoriously able fighters. Few animals care to come to grips with them.

Another youngster that would not seem to be in much danger of being gobbled up is an armadillo. But the mother armadillo keeps an exceedingly sharp eye on her babies until they are almost as big as herself. Why scientists do not know, and for that matter they do not know why Nature went to all the trouble to put that formidable armor on such a comparatively worthless creature as the armadillo.

Mrs. Armadillo would seem to go to unnecessary trouble in watching over her safely enclosed babies, but then that is the nature of mothers the world over.

THE SMOOTHNESS OF AN EIGHT · THE ECONOMY OF A FOUR

NEW PLYMOUTH

FLOATING POWER *and* FREE WHEELING



New Plymouth Coupe (with rumble seat) \$610

EASY SHIFT TRANSMISSION - HYDRAULIC BRAKES
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This new engineering discovery makes it possible for the New Plymouth to perform as no lowest-priced car, regardless of cylinders, performed before.

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sands are talking, driving and buying. Not in years has the motor car industry seen such sensational interest.

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words, but just drive a New Plymouth.

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NEW PLYMOUTH IS SOLD BY CHRYSLER, DODGE AND DE SOTO DEALERS

Her Beauty Preserved for 2,000 Years—Then Turned to Dust in Breath

There in Her Stone Sarcophagus, With Her Perfumes and Rouge, Combs and Mirror, Lay the Body of the Ancient Roman Girl, Lifelike as Though Asleep—And Then as the Air Touched Her She Crumbled Away



A Fashionable Young Roman Woman of About the Same Age and the Same Year as the Girl in the Budapest Sarcophagus. From an Antique Bust at Naples, Italy.

THE tradition that certain ancient races knew a method of embalming by which the bodies of the dead kept all the appearance and even the coloring of life has been current for centuries. Not only the Egyptians and Chaldeans, but the Phoenicians are supposed to have practiced this lost art. But even the most perfect of the mummies of the Pharaohs, who certainly had the best their time afforded, are more or less shriveled cadavers that bear out in no way the legend. And although curious stories of the discoverers of bodies perfectly preserved in sealed sarcophagi and found in the ruins of Tyre and Carthage have been told, there is no absolute evidence of their truth.

Yet if the stories of a score of workmen quarrying a hillside just beyond Budapest are to be believed, one of these perfectly preserved bodies was recently actually found.

It was that of a young Roman woman who died almost two thousand years ago.

The discovery was made wholly by accident. The workmen were excavating for road building. The picks of two of them suddenly struck into a hidden slab that gave a hollow sound.

Roman treasure has sometimes been unearthed in the district, and immediately the other workmen joined the pair. The earth and stone were removed and the top of a fine marble sarcophagus was uncovered.

The picks had broken it and in the cleaning away one of these broken parts slipped aside.

The workmen looked, they say, into the face of a girl of unusual beauty. The eyes were closed as though she were asleep. One white hand lay upon her breast. Her cheeks were faintly flushed, her red lips a little open as though she were breathing.

And then a change began to creep over her. The body itself seemed to tremble and shrink. The white and red of face and hands faded. The eyes fell in, the mouth was twisted into an ugly grimace. Then the flesh crumbled into dust and the grinning head of a skeleton stared up at them.

That swift change from the placid, sleeping girl into skeleton was too much for the workmen's nerves. They flung down their picks and spades and ran.

That had once endowed her with her long centuries of life.

Present-day Hungary in the days when the girl of the quarry lived was a Roman province. The Romans called it Pannonia. On the right bank of the Danube, just beyond the northern suburbs of Budapest, there was a large and important Roman city named Aquincum.

Here is a rich field for the archeologist and treasure hunter alike. Fine Aquincum museum holds many unique objects, and is constantly on the watch for new discoveries.

The form of the laborer remembered this and sent a messenger to the museum. Soon experts were at the quarry and the whole sarcophagus was opened.

They listened at first with disbelief to the story of the "sleeping beauty." But at last they were convinced by the circumstantiality and agreement of all the accounts. They were, of course, deeply disappointed that no scientist had been present to observe what had actually occurred. On the other hand, what they found was sufficiently unusual to satisfy them. Except face, hands and feet, the girl had been swathed in mummy clothes. It was the first mummy to be found in Europe.

In her hand was the coin which was to pay Charon, the ferryman who would carry her across the River Styx to the land of the dead. Charon was a bit testy, and if not paid he had a disagreeable habit of dumping the shade into the water instead of landing it high and dry.

And on the shore she would want to make her toilet, so as to appear to best advantage among the other slaves. So her powder puff was handy, in an ivory box which still contained fine rice-powder. A rouge pot was at her feet, and the rouge in it was still entirely usable. The powder puff was a soft sponge. And with these were a number of glass bottles holding perfumes and ointments. In some of them a few drops still remained. But when

they were opened the scientists decided that either time had changed their qualities, or else the young lady had an unusual taste in odors, for they were decidedly unpleasant. Or it may have been that they thought the shade-reversed the living ideas of what constitutes fragrance. Upon her feet were quite modern slippers of soft black leather with cork soles.

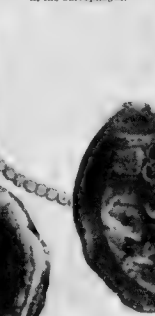
There were ivory hairpins and combs to keep her hair tidy, and silver clasps, and needles for her sewing.

She had been about 22 years old when she died.

Why had she been buried, alone, in this place that is a mile or more away from the old Roman cemetery of Aquincum? There is not much mystery in that. Park when the Romans lived there the picturesque hills surrounding the city were the residential district of the wealthy, just as they are now. Foundations of Roman villas have been found in the gardens and vineyards, and treasures have been frequently unearthed. It was the custom of these well-to-do Romans to bury those they loved in their gardens, and not in the public cemeteries.

No doubt almost twenty centuries ago there was such a villa on the hill of the quarry. When the girl died her husband or father could not bear to have her taken far away and buried in the pleasant place her feet had known. Then the Roman power fell, the villa crumbled away, great trees grew up in the garden and

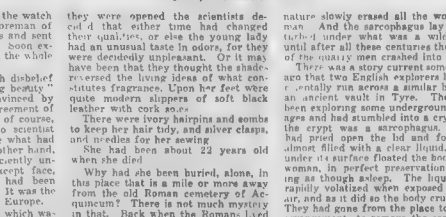
The Necklace of Pearls, Each Covered with a Thin Film of Silver, Which Was Around the Neck of the Roman Girl in the Sarcophagus.



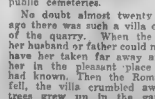
The Contents of Her Rouge-Pot—Still in Usable Condition.



The Sarcophagus in Which Her Body Lay for Almost 2,000 Years, Broken by the Picks of Quarrymen Who Found It.



The Two Explorers Pried Open the Lid of the Sarcophagus, They Said. Within It Lay the Body of a Woman. The Sarcophagus Was Almost Filled With a Strange Clear Liquid and the Body Floated Just Beneath the Surface. So Perfectly Preserved Was She That She Seemed Asleep. But, According to the Story, the Liquid Evaporated with Astonishing Rapidity, and as It Did So, the Body, as Soon as Exposed to the Air, Crumbled Away, Leaving Only the Bones.



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Some of the huge stone coffins dated back to 1300 B. C., that is, three hundred years before King Hiram was born.

The sarcophagi, according to the story, was first found by natives. With great labor they had moved the massive coffins to another hiding place. They had then brought the news to the heads of the expedition, offering to sell the coffins. At first the archeologists were incredulous. But it was the truth—at least that was what the dispatches that no disturbed the Turkish Government alleged. The astonished eyes of the scientists looked upon sixteen works of ancient art the like of which they had never beheld. They were all elaborately carved and the sculpture on one of them at least was equal to the finest of the Greek marbles. But they were one and all empty. There was not a trace of the bodies they must have held, no dust of them, not even a bone.

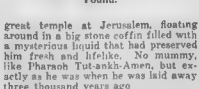
The natives said that they had been empty when they found them, but examination showed that their hermetic-sealed tops had been pried open but a short time before, and a few of them had fragments broken out of their sides as though by blows of a heavy hammer.

Among those tremendously interesting in the work at Sidon was the late Rev. J. B. Nies, of New York City. Dr. Nies died recently, leaving large endowments to the School of Archeology at Jerusalem. Dr. Nies, who certainly should have known the facts, told under seal of secrecy a remarkable story, but one that may now, because of the developments, be revealed.

According to Dr. Nies, the discoverers at last admitted that the coffins had not been empty. Each one had held a body in a most perfect state of preservation that at first the discoverers had fled from the place in superstitious terror. Driven back by greed, they had found that these bodies were submerged in a colorless, odorless liquid. Because the sarcophagi would be easier to move empty, they had drained out this liquid. The bodies had then rapidly disintegrated. They had been entirely nude, the natives said, without clothing or ornaments of any kind. But this the scientists never believed. They thought it more likely that the vandals had secured a considerable treasure of gold and jewels. It was not likely that those who had been placed in the coffins would have been stripped of everything before interment.

Handy Boy, at that time the head of the Ottoman Museum in Constantinople, had the sarcophagi taken to his museum, and there they are today. The thieves were arrested and probably died in prison. At that rate, however else they may have found never came to light.

Workmen Excavating Ancient Graves in the Cemetery Some Distance Away From Where the Roman Girl Was Found.



great temple at Jerusalem, floating around in a big stone coffin filled with a mysterious liquid that had preserved him fresh and lifelike. No mummy, like Pharaoh Tut-ank-Amen, but exactly as he was when he was laid away three thousand years ago.

At this news the Turkish government promptly stopped the expedition from shipping over to America thirty-two magnificent carved sarcophagi unearthed in the network of subterranean passages under Sidon.

"I'm older than you think I am . . .

"BUT I remember some of the things that I heard when I was younger.

"I was told to watch out for one of those so-called friends who is so mighty glad to see you today—almost going to hug you; and the next time you see her, is holding her head high up in the air and won't even speak to you.

"I was thinking about this while I was enjoying a CHESTERFIELD cigarette. You know, I have been smoking CHESTERFIELDS quite a long time, and they are not like some of our friends—one thing today and another thing tomorrow. They are *always* the same—always mild—always so pleasing in taste. They just satisfy all the time.

"By the way, that reminds me of something. I was playing bridge recently with a girl friend of mine and two men, and after we finished the game they began lambasting a whole lot of things and folks. Some of the talk was right funny, you couldn't help laughing; but, really, they pulled down a whole lot of things, and didn't build up anything.

"And that reminded me of a salesman who called to see me the other day to tell me something about CHESTERFIELD. The thing that pleased me more than anything else was that he didn't lambast and cuss out any other cigarette; but, of course, he thought that CHESTERFIELD was the best . . . And I rather agree with him. They do satisfy."

GOOD . . . they've got to be good!

**Authoritative and Newest Fashions
From the Studios of the Most
Distinguished French Dress Creators,
Drawn by Soulie,
Foremost Fashion
Artist of Paris**



Her sister-in-law, the bride's aunt, wore a gown of gray chiffon with a ruffled skirt, which just escaped the floor. I noted among the guests quite a number of ankle-length velvet gowns, some in black, some in dark brown; with the full sleeves and worn with hats or toques trimmed with sigrettes or something equally rich and formal. These new costumes looked dignified and extremely well suited to the occasion.



Police Photograph Taken of the Crowd About the Empty House in Paris When News of the Murder Leaked Out.

By H. Ashton-Wolfe
Former Assistant of the Famous Dr. Bertillon, of the Surete (French Detective Police)

CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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IT was long past the luncheon hour, and I was taking the steps from the laboratories to the street three at a time, when the voice of my old friend, Inspector Rousseau, hailed me.

"Don't go away yet. I've something here that will interest you," and he tapped a small paper under his arm with an air of mystery. "Monsieur Benita, the commissaire of the Neuilly Station, brought it, and Bertillon has decided to lunch upstairs in order to make an immediate investigation. He sent me to look for you."

I hesitated a moment, for I had been hard at work since dawn and felt hungry.

"That's all right," Rousseau said, when I mentioned the fact. "I heard the chief order the meal, so I know he expects us to eat with him."

There was no help for it, and I turned back with my colleague.

"Let's have a look at the thing," Bertillon exclaimed, holding out his hand for the package. "Benita said it was something quite unusual." Slipping off the string and paper he disclosed a small tin. We all gave an exclamation of amazed disgust when the lid was removed, for inside, on a bed of blood-stained sawdust, lay a newly severed human ear. Bertillon stared thoughtfully at the grisly morsel a moment, then, reaching for his tweezers, lifted and placed it on a sheet of waxed paper.

"H-m. Not very nice, is it? A man's ear, evidently, cut off with a small, blunt knife. A shred of the cheek and some hair have even been torn away with it."

He drew a pencil and pad toward him. "A well-shaped ear-lobe; concha and helix are regular, and clearly defined. Judging by the texture of the skin and the slightly flecked hair, it is the ear of a man of forty or thereabouts, probably an Arab. It is too flat and close to the head to be that of a Jew. A swarthy man with dark eyes and eyebrows, aquiline nose and fleshy lips. No, I am not indulging in flights of fancy; it undoubtedly belonged to a man of the type I am describing."

"Moreover, a man who stooped and was shortsighted," Bertillon continued. "You smile—the furrow caused by constantly wearing spectacles is plainly visible. Such a man would be inclined to stoop. He shaved not long before the mutilation. We may safely assume, therefore, that he had not the slightest premonition of his impending, dreadful fate. It is not certain that the man is dead even; the ear was severed during life, as you can see by the condition of the tissues and the blood."

"Where was this thing found?" I asked, unable to repress a shiver of aversion, for Bertillon's last words had conjured up a monstrous vision of bestial cruelty and hatred.

"A taxi driver brought the parcel to the police station this morning. It was left in his car some time during the night. He believes a woman, closely wrapped in furs and wearing a veil, who hailed him at the Madeleine and was driven to the avenue Parmentier, left it behind. The man gave one or two details, but they are vague. He stated that this woman, who spoke with a foreign accent, used a very strong perfume which reminded him of roses. He found this stump on the mat," and Bertillon pointed to a short, amber-colored cigarette.

"It has a fleck of lipstick, is also perfumed, and, undoubtedly, contains fine Turkish tobacco of a kind not sold in France. He also noticed that when the woman alighted she stooped and looked at his number plate and scribbled in a notebook. I believe, therefore, that the package

was left behind intentionally; the papers have unfortunately got hold of the story, and will come out with flaming headlines tonight. Thus the purpose of the unknown criminal, whether revenge or intimidation, will be achieved without the risk of communicating directly with the people involved in this plot.

"Let us now examine the wrapper," Bertillon proceeded. "Plain gray paper, watermark 'Lyon.' There is actually an address: Yousseuff, No. 7 d'Espagne, a la Villette, Paris, France. It has been clumsily printed in red ink—no, by Jove, it's blood! A pointed stick has been used instead of a pen. Spanish stamps, and the postmark—Cadiz. It would seem, then, that this Yousseuff, for whom the package was intended, guessed at the contents without opening it, and got rid of the thing in such fashion that others will read of the discovery in the press. Monsieur Benita declares he found the seals intact. Queer seals they are, too. I should say an ancient Spanish doubloon has been used. Perhaps one of these coins people carry on watch-chains. You'd better go along to this address at once, Rousseau, before the evening papers come out."

"Quite useless, sir," my colleague replied. "I know La Villette from end to end; there is no rue d'Espagne."

"So? Well, I'm not surprised. Another queer thing is that one would expect the ear to be in an advanced state of putrefaction after traveling from Cadiz to Paris, since it has obviously not been treated with antiseptics in any way; instead of which it is quite untainted. A strange case, whichever way you look at it. How is it the postal authorities did not notice the name and address had been written in blood, and how comes the package to have been delivered at all if the address is fictitious? I shall communicate with Spain at once. We may be able to co-operate, but since the crime has been committed abroad it is outside our sphere of action. Take these things to the laboratory and let me have a detailed report tomorrow, which I can forward. Wait, there is the signal lamp. Probably the luncheon I ordered. Sorry, I'd quite forgotten."

But, instead of the waiter from the Surete kitchens, a pleasant, buxom woman of about fifty came stumbling into the office. Her pale face and disheveled appearance were eloquent of tragedy. At sight of this visitor Bertillon sprang to his feet with an exclamation of surprise and dismay.

"My dear Madame Marthe, what has happened to you? Sit down, sit down; a glass of sherry, Rousseau. This is Madame Vatel, my landlady in the days when I came to Paris with a slender purse and boundless ambition."

I perceived that Bertillon was greatly moved. While speaking he had pulled a comfortable chair forward, and when the woman had seated her-

LABORATOIRE
de
POLICE TECHNIQUE



Enlarged Police Photograph of the Severed Ear.

Secrets of the Surete

Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, Formerly of France, Explains How Modern Baffling Crimes and Gives I With Photographs of the Ev



Madame Lola de Veron, the Handsome Spanish Woman Who Was Tortured and Mutilated by Cortes. This Photograph Was Taken After Her Wedding.



Quasiglio Cortes, the Spanish Moor, Photograph Taken When He Was Tried for Treason.



Ali, a Spaniard from Tangiers. It Was He Who Actually Killed Cortes.

THE methods of modern science, developed so marvelously in the fields of medicine, agriculture, industry and elsewhere, and now being applied to the detection of crime in the police laboratories of France, Germany and England, have been revealed from time to time to readers of the American Weekly.

Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, recently Assistant Investigator, Lyons (France) Police Laboratory, and for many years associated with Dr. Bertillon, of the Paris Surete (French Detective Police), perhaps the greatest of all modern scientific detectives, again opens the records of the Paris Detective Bureau, and

restful. Later, as you know, business has been bad for everyone, and when, about a month ago, a charming foreign gentleman was sent to me by Captain Briggs, an old friend of my husband, I was very glad. The newcomer chose the little suite on the third floor.

"Such a nice man," she continued. "Although his sight was defective, I will stay at least 3 months," he told me, "on condition that I am never disturbed. My nerves are very weak, so you must put up with my little peculiarities, but I will pay you well. I want to have a small wicket fitted in my door, Mme. Vatel, just to be able to peep out and see who comes to visit me before opening. You won't mind that, will you? What do you say to ten louis a month extra for the trouble, eh? And—yes—I must have bars fixed to my windows and a heavy bolt on the door. I was frightened almost to death once by burglars, and ever since I only sleep if I can't be taken by surprise."

"I didn't like the idea and told him so. But, you know how it is, two hundred francs a month extra is a lot of money. Besides, his ways were so gentle. Well, he came, and for a while everything was all right. It did give me a turn at first to see him slide the little wicket back and peer at me every time I brought his food, especially as he always wore thick glasses. But I got used to it."

"Did you take the meals into the room?" Bertillon asked quietly, looking up from his notes. "No. There is a short, dark passage before you get to his rooms, and we put a table there on which to serve all his repasts. He used to take the table in after I'd gone, and push it out again when he'd finished."

"Did he go out much?" "Always toward dusk, a closed carriage came for him. Then he'd wrap himself in a thick coat, pull his hat over his eyes and wait until I rang the bell. That meant, as we'd arranged, that there was no one on the stairs. He'd go down quickly, jump into the carriage and away they went. After two or three hours, sometimes more, he'd come back. The coachman would ring, or, if it was very late, open the door with

self he held the wine to her trembling lips with unusual solicitude.

"That's better; the color is coming back to your cheeks. Compose yourself, my dear friend, and rely on me to help you in every way. Now, then, what is it all about?"

"Thank you, Monsieur Bertillon," Mme. Vatel began. "I'm sorry to have startled you. I have been so worried lately; the queer things that have happened since the last month have nearly driven me frantic. At last, in sheer despair, I made up my mind to come to you for advice. "I— " Suddenly her eyes dilated terribly; twice she tried ineffectually to speak, then, with quivering lips and distorted face, she pointed a shaking finger at the ear on the table, which we had quite forgotten, and fell forward in a swoon."

For a moment we lost our heads. Bertillon lifted the poor woman and carried her to a couch, while Rousseau dashed away for the mastron. It was half an hour before our ministrations had the desired effect, and Mme. Vatel opened her eyes. Meanwhile, the cause of her collapse had been removed and Bertillon seated himself beside the couch and, with soothing words, brought back some measure of calm.

"He is dead, I know it; the poor, dear man. I recognized the mole on his cheek. Oh, Monsieur Bertillon, how did it happen?"

"You are quite mistaken, my dear, good woman. That—that thing you saw was sent to us from abroad. Your nerves are overwrought."

"No, no—I am sure it is Monsieur Castiglioni's ear. That terrible woman had something to do with it. She had only one ear."

My chief looked helplessly at me. We were all burning to learn what these cryptic words signified, but we did not feel justified in upsetting her again.

"Try to tell us all about it if you can. But begin at the beginning. Remember, we are all in the dark as yet."

"Yes, yes—I will. I'll try to be brave. *Voilà!* You know, monsieur, that when my dear husband died he left me that nice house at Becon-les-Bruyeres. I thought the best thing to do was to divide it into apartments and fit up a big kitchen for my tenants' meals. It was a good idea, and I got along very well. Le Repos was the name I gave my house, and it was always quiet and

The French Detective Police

of the Police Laboratories of
Scientific Methods Unravel
Details of Remarkable Cases,
Evidence from Official Records

shows by further examples how the unerring instruments of science often uncover the most carefully concealed trails and make clear the most baffling mysteries.

"The stories which I have selected for this series can be found in the official records, only one or two details having been rearranged in order to avoid giving pain and reopening old wounds," Mr. Ashton-Wolfe writes.

"I have myself taken part in the investigations or the final trials of the criminals. Several of the cases I have specifically selected because of the ingenuity displayed both by the law-breakers and the investigators."

the key I put under the mat, and Monsieur Castiglioni would scuttle upstairs, looking neither right nor left."

"Such extraordinary ways must have caused comment among your other boarders. Didn't it strike you this unknown might be hiding from the police?"

"No; because of the letter from Captain Briggs, in which he said I should find Monsieur Castiglioni eccentric, but perfectly honorable. As for my boarders, they were mostly out all day. Well, he'd been there about two weeks when the first of the unpleasant things I've come about happened. I had gone to bed with a headache and, being unable to sleep, took a book to read. I suppose I had dropped off, when suddenly, about midnight, I was startled to hear Elise, the maid, screaming, 'Madame, madame, the house is on fire!'

"Terrified, as well you may suppose, I rushed out to find the passage full of black smoke. It was like a thick fog, rolling in clouds down the stairs and into the rooms. In a minute you couldn't see your hand before your eyes. It made my eyes and throat smart so terribly that I nearly fainted. 'Everybody was yelling, doors were opening all up and down; two ladies that hadn't been with me very long began to shout and go into hysterics, and just as I heard the welcome sound of the fire engine, there came the bang of a pistol from over my head and a horrible laugh like an animal, and somebody rushed by, nearly knocking me down. At once, though by magic, the smoke melted, and in a few minutes the air was clear again. It was no fire at all; some wicked person had set light on the stairs to a roll of cloth steeped in chemicals, and it was this had caused the smoke.

"Now comes the second incident that upset me so. Seeing that Monsieur Castiglioni's door was still shut, I then went to look if he was all right. Instantly the bathroom door behind me opened, and a dreadful face looked out. It was so horrible I could never have recognized it, but, as I stared, unable to move, the fierce lines smoothed away, the features seemed to melt and alter, and then I saw it was my boarder, but for once without his spectacles. He was very apologetic. The cry of fire had terrified him, he said. Yet I could have sworn that while he was talking he pushed a pistol out of sight. That shows how nervous he was, doesn't it?"

"It was not until I was in my room again that I noticed a smudge of blood on my arm where the shadow figure had brushed past me. It was no one belonging to the house, for I made a point at breakfast of looking them over for a wound or bandages."

"Was the front door opened before the fire engine came?" Bertillon asked.

"Yes, the minute she saw the smoke, Elise ran out, just as she was, to the alarm, and she left the door wide open. Now comes the next occurrence. You'll say I'm foolish, maybe my nerves were shaken by something evil in the air, but I can't help thinking it has a deeper meaning than would appear. A week ago a lady called, richly dressed in furs, with a thick veil, through which I could just see her eyes, large, black and fierce, and asked to see some rooms I had advertised. While she was talking my gaze happened to wander to her hair and I saw that just where the end of the right ear should have been was a red, angry patch. Probably she had met with an accident. It didn't look as though she'd been born that way."

"I left her alone in my front sitting-room for a moment while I went to fetch my list of prices. I walked rather silently, you know, and as I opened the door she straightened up with a pair of scissors in her hand, with which she'd snipped a bit of stuff from my curtains. I was speechless with indignation, naturally. The creature tried to laugh, it left and said the silk was so pretty she'd liked to get some like it. I showed her out at once, of course. The idea, to come—"



Dr. Bertillon, Chief of the French Detective Technical Laboratories, had been examining a human ear which had been found in a Paris taxicab. This silent but eloquent evidence of a vindictive crime lay on Bertillon's desk, where

Mr. Ashton-Wolfe and Inspector Rousseau were examining it, when the bell rang and a buxom woman of about 50, her face pale, and in great agitation, entered.

The woman began to relate a series of ex-

"Just a minute, Mme. Vatel," Bertillon interposed. "Did it appear to you that she used a strong perfume?"

"Roses, monsieur, roses. The whole room smelled of them."

"Ah! And the scissors, were they the common pocket-type or large ones?"

"Large scissors, such as one uses for needle-work. She put them into her bag. That same evening, I had been out to post a letter. I caught a man at work at my plate; it is a large enamelled square of metal with the words 'Le Repos' in gold on blue ground. He dropped the screw-driver and ran when he saw me, but one of the screws had already been removed. All little matters that mean nothing perhaps when taken one by one, and yet I cannot help thinking they are connected. Just a woman's foolish fancies I dare say, although some would call it intuition. Somehow, I can't rid myself of the thought that these things have to do with the disappearance of Monsieur Castiglioni; it was the next day that he vanished. Went out as usual in his carriage and never came back."

Bertillon nodded gravely. "It sounds bad, but you'll find he'll return sooner or later. These things may have caused him to lose his head. As for the smoke bomb, I imagine it was merely an attempt to rob you—"

"But the woman with only one ear, who cut a piece from my curtains, why did she do it?"

"It does sound queer. Perhaps she was insane. Anyway, I'll come and have a look at your house. You have a key to your missing lodger's rooms, I suppose?"

"No, sir; he insisted on fitting a special lock. You'll have to send for a locksmith."

"Very well, say nothing, my dear Mme. Vatel, and expect me in an hour's time. One of my men shall drive you home. By the way, who are the most recent of your boarders?"

"The two ladies, Madame Durand and her daughter, Alice. They came a day or two after poor Monsieur Castiglioni. Then there is Monsieur Nieupport, a Dutchman, and Mr. Howard, Englishman."

"I see. You could, I daresay, arrange for my assistant to stay in your house for a while. Do you serve table d'hôte?"

"Certainly. We all eat together, except when a tenant insists on taking his meals in his apartment, or in one of the private dining-rooms."

"Who waits on them?"

"Sometimes Elise, sometimes Charles, my gardener and handyman. Just now Charles is away."

"Then I think you'd better arrange to let my assistant take over his duties. It will simplify matters."

When Madame Vatel had gone, Bertillon removed the cloth he had thrown over the ear and stared intently at the ugly thing, so pregnant with

the hatred and cruelty of mankind, as though by the mere exertion of his will he could penetrate its secret.

"I look upon this as the most puzzling case we've had for many a day," he said at last with a sigh. "If, as poor Mme. Vatel supposes, it is her tenant's ear, how comes it to have been sent from Cadix? No, it's not possible. She was overwrought and imagined the resemblance," and turning to me, he said, "Well, come along. If I find nothing definite you will have to play the handyman for a few days."

"Le Repos" was one of those houses which architects contrive to build in series, and but for its ornamentations and insignificant details, resembled a dozen others in the street. Bertillon gave me a sharp glance when I pointed this out. "Our thoughts run in the same channel, I think," he said. "A fiendishly clever scheme if it's that. Here is one that is to let. We'll just have a look."

As usual it was a pleasure to watch Bertillon at work when hot on a scent. I realized that my chance remark had suggested a theory to his subtle brain, but wisely refrained from confessing that I was unable to follow his reasoning.

Vaulting the low paling, he crept about the untidy garden, climbed the steps and scrutinized the windows; finally, running to the gate, he paused a moment to examine the worm-eaten posts and the agent's boards, advertising the house to be let or sold, and then, with blazing eyes, rang into the car.

"Drive to the rue des Marrons as quickly as you can, Rousseau; I want to catch the agent before he leaves."

My colleague needed no second bidding, for he loved speed and excitement, and a short twenty minutes later we drove up before a dirty office plastered with auctioneer's posters and handbills.

"Who has been to visit 'The Poppies' at Beccon lately?" he asked a frowsy clerk drowsing over a desk.

"A lady paid for a three months' option," the man replied irritably. "I cannot deal with you for the moment."

At sight of Bertillon's card his manner changed, however, and he paled visibly.

"Nothing wrong, I hope, sir?" The lady came a couple of weeks ago and I showed her over the place. She seemed delighted, and even measured the windows to see if some lace curtains she possessed could be utilized."

"You gave her the keys?"

"Naturally, since she paid for an option on the house. She contemplated making certain alterations, she said, if we came to terms, and wished to go there with her architect."

"This lady—she had some very fine furs, did she not?"

"Yes—that is so—"

ordinary things which had happened in her home when suddenly her eyes dilated; twice she tried ineffectually to speak, then with quivering lips and distorted face she pointed a shivering finger at the ear on the table and fell forward in a swoon.

"Did you notice if she used any special perfume?"

"Apparently you know the person—my office smells like a garden of roses after she had left."

"The thing grows clearer," Bertillon muttered, when we were on our way to "Le Repos" once more. "But there are points I don't understand. The footprints on the path of that empty house showed that several people had passed that way not long ago. That, of course, is nothing. But the windows had been cleaned recently. I could see the marks where they had been wiped, and they were still clean outside; whereas inside they were dirtier than one would expect, but it was artificial dirt. Someone had flung muddy water over them; the downward streaks proved that. Clever, eh? The wire around the 'To Let' boards had also been untwisted not many days ago; and the name plate on the gate unscrewed, for instead of the rusty screws which had stained the enamel on the plate, I found bright new heads; so it's obvious what happened."

"Obvious to you, sir," I ventured, "but not to us."

"No? Well, use your brains and puzzle it out. I've got to discover how that ear traveled to Spain and back to Paris, without—"

"It didn't," I interrupted, nettled at his brusqueness, "if you feel sure it is that of Mme. Vatel's lodger! Even I could at a pinch obtain a sheet of paper with foreign stamps and a foreign postmark—"

Bertillon turned on me almost savagely. "Of course—that must be the explanation. Sometimes one can't see the forest for the trees in the way. Rousseau shall drive you back to the laboratory. Make sure if that is how it was done, and come back here at once, I may need you."

In little over an hour I rang the bell at the boarding-house and found my chief in the front room, gazing pensively at the curtains.

"The stamps were new," I said as he turned, "but the Cadix postmark had been faked by means of a badly made rubber stamp. The date was added by hand with a brush and printer's ink."

"Confound it!" Bertillon muttered angrily, "you see how necessary it is in our profession never to take anything for granted. A postmark is such a commonplace thing I hardly glanced at it. Clever, though. Had it not been for Mme. Vatel's story we should have referred the case to Spain. The net tightens, however; there is some sort of understanding between Monsieur Nieupport—the Dutchman—and the maid Elise. I caught a glimpse of them in the mirror whispering together. They recognized me, I fancy. I've had a look at the missing boarder's room. The marks have been removed from his clothes and linen, unfortunately, and Mme. Vatel does not

"ONLY A COLD"— BUT IT COST HIS JOB

HE had always laughed when people said colds were "serious". That's the way he felt until the "wrong" cold came along! And it was the one that turned into pneumonia. Then he found that in the kind of year in which even the kindest employer can't keep sick and half sick men on the payroll long!

"Health Insurance!"

Avoid even the slightest cold this winter! To do this, doctors say, keep warm. Keep body temperature up to normal. . . Avoid chilling moisture on the surface of the skin. DUOFOLD Health Underwear—and DUOFOLD also—is scientifically constructed with two exceedingly thin layers to meet these health requirements.

Warm wool combined with Peruvian cotton, rayon or silk, in the outer layer. Soft cotton in the inner layer. The warmth of wool



without a bit of its itch. The wool can't touch you. The comfort and moisture-absorbing quality of cotton next to your skin. If DUOFOLD cost twice as much it would still be this winter's most sensible economy! Light in weight and made in all popular styles. Featured by best dealers everywhere.

Colds cost more than Duofold Health Underwear

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO., Dept. L4, Milwaukee, W. Y. Send Dr. Dumas's Booklet on Colds, and samples of Duofold Hairs. FREE!

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Street _____
City _____ State _____
Occupation _____



The House Next Door By Burton Stevenson

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

PROFESSOR VERITY, a tall, slender man of late middle age, with graying hair and serene, sunshiny-shaven face, was swinging around to see standing beside the carved center table a tall, slender man of late middle age, with graying hair and serene, sunshiny-shaven face. He was smiling slightly as he glanced at our faces one by one. Simmonds was the first to recover himself. "This is Mr. Jenkins, chief of the Mount Vernon police. My name is Simmonds, and I am a member of the New York force," Simmonds began. "Am I suspected of some crime?" inquired Mr. Chunder, amiably. "Hoologging, perhaps?" "No," said Simmonds, "but your name was mentioned this morning during a hearing at the police station, and we wanted to see you. We rang and got no answer—we found the kitchen door open, and fearing that something might be wrong, came in. Perhaps we owe you an apology."



We Swung Around to See Standing Beside the Carved Center Table a Tall, Slender Man of Late Middle Age, With Graying Hair and Serene, Sunshiny-Shaven Face.

CHAPTER X. In the House Next Door. J suppose—through the kitchen door," Godfrey answered, coming forward. "I knew, of course, that you would come as soon as you could. Isn't this a swell spectacle?" "How long have you been here?" "Five minutes or so—I beat it as soon as you got Miss Verity out. I have been watching the fellow. He hasn't moved a muscle or even breathed that I could see." "What is he doing?" Simmonds asked. "Contemplating Buddha," I suppose. He's a fakir. He can make it for a week, if he's an adept." "Oh, got out?" snapped Simmonds. "If he's a fakir—" "No, not that kind," Godfrey interrupted. "This one is from India—he's the real thing. They do remarkable things. I have heard—hold an arm out till it becomes fixed in that position—twist the head over the shoulder till it grows that way, and they have to walk backward to see where they are going—clench their fists till their fingernails grow through the palms and out the backs of their hands. You ought to remember, Lester—you, too, Simmonds. We had some dealings with a fakir once upon a time."

We swung around to see standing beside the curved center table a tall, slender man of late middle age, with graying hair and serene, sunshiny-shaven face. That was the first impression I got from him—the impression of serenity—and it was one that deepened as I got to know him better. A serenity which implied not only respect but power. A serenity that was demonstrated because it was more than human. A serenity such as few men ever attain. He was smiling slightly as he glanced at our faces one by one. Simmonds was the first to recover himself. "This is Mr. Chunder?" he asked. "That is my name," said the newcomer. "This is Mr. Jenkins, chief of the Mount Vernon police. My name is Simmonds, and I am a member of the New York force," Simmonds began.

"Am I suspected of some crime?" inquired Mr. Chunder, amiably. "Hoologging, perhaps?" "No," said Simmonds, "but your name was mentioned this morning during a hearing at the police station, and we wanted to see you. We rang and got no answer—we found the kitchen door open, and fearing that something might be wrong, came in. Perhaps we owe you an apology."

PHYSICIANS-IN-CHIEF OF GREAT HOSPITALS + TELL HOW FRESH YEAST AIDS HEALTH

Trouble here! Doctor Maxeran, famous French specialist, says, "In my clinic I use fresh yeast regularly."

X-Ray shows cleansing effect of yeast. Dr. René Gutmann, of Paris, says, "I have had great success with yeast."

The Noted Dr. Edmund Malwa, of Vienna, states, "Fresh yeast has none of the objectionable features of laxative drugs."

Here's how SLUGGISH INTESTINES are treated in World Famous Clinics

LOOK at the pictures above. They are actual photographs made in famous European clinics. Synopses of heads of hospitals and sanitariums known all over the world. Now these men are experts. They specialize in making people well. So listen to them—carefully. They are going to tell you how to treat a very unpleasant trouble... just as they advise their patients who pay hundreds of dollars for their advice!

Starting at the left... Here is the famous French stomach specialist, Dr. Alexandre Maxeran... founder and head of the celebrated clinic, "Thermale," where dozens of Americans and many royal personages are treated every year. "In cases of constipation," he says, "I rec-

ommend fresh yeast. It improves digestion and the appetite... has a revitalizing effect on the general health."

Next (in the center at the fluoroscope) is Dr. René Gutmann, chef de clinique in the Faculty of Medicine of Paris. He says—"I have had extraordinary success with fresh yeast in treating sluggish intestines."

And Dr. Edmund Malwa (at the right), physician-in-chief of the famous Sanatorium Eplandae, near Vienna, adds—

"Fresh Yeast—eaten three times a day" is the simple prescription these great doctors give. Read what they say about it below!

"Fresh yeast has none of the objections of weakening cathartics and laxatives. It moistens intestinal residues... stimulates and restores the normal action of the intestines... I prefer it to all other means of keeping the intestines clean."



Eaten regularly, three cakes a day—before meals, or between meals and on going to bed—Fleischmann's Yeast actually stimulates and "tones up" sluggish intestines... cleanses... purifies. And as a result, "pep" returns! You don't get tired so easily. Your tongue clears, your complexion freshens. Rich new reserves of energy are yours!

Don't put it off! Get 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast and start eating it today—just plain or dissolved in a third of a glass of water—before meals, or between meals and before you go to bed.

"We don't know who did it, why not at all. That's what we are trying to find out." "I cannot believe it!" protested Mr. Chunder. "I should not have supposed that he had an enemy in the world. He was shot—killed—by—" "No," said Simmonds. "We think somebody stole up behind him as he was sitting in his chair and killed him by breaking his neck."

It seemed to me that there was the faintest contraction of Mr. Chunder's face, the faintest flicker in his eyes, but it passed in an instant. Simmonds's brutal way of putting it was not so much to make anyone wince.

"Extraordinary!" Mr. Chunder murmured. "Impossible!" he cried. "At what time was this crime committed?" "Shortly after four o'clock."



Hard little grains fall straight to the bottom—but just drop the *flaked* salt, Diamond Crystal, in a glass of warm water and see what happens. The thin, light flakes melt at the touch of water, just as they dissolve at the touch of food



Hold a sheet of paper in your hand, sprinkle Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt on it from a height of two feet or more—and listen. This salt falls lightly and silently, like snowflakes—because it is *flaked*



Take a tiny pinch of Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt between your thumb and forefinger. Rub it lightly. Feel how fine it is—how delicate in texture. That's because this salt is *flaked*

You can

SEE, HEAR and FEEL the difference

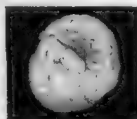
then **TASTE** how *flaked* salt improves the flavor of food

DIAMOND CRYSTAL SHAKER SALT is *flaked*—that's why it is the perfect seasoner.

Everyone knows that flakes melt quickly. Flaked salt melts the instant it touches food. When it melts, it penetrates. That's why it spreads its mild, pure flavor evenly through all foods on which it is used.

Try Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt on your table—in your kitchen. It is the one flaked salt—flaked by a patented process. Its dry little flakes flow freely, rain or shine. Diamond Crystal Salt Company, (Inc.), St. Clair, Mich.

Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt flakes melt like snowflakes the moment they touch the food. That's why Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt seasons so perfectly



A halibut melts slowly because it's chunky and hard



A snowflake melts quickly because it's light and thin

**DIAMOND CRYSTAL
SHAKER SALT**

it's flaked



Do you want your salt **IODIZED?**

Many people use iodized salt because it helps prevent simple goitre. If you want extra iodine, ask for Diamond Crystal IODIZED Salt, and get the only salt which is flaked and iodized both. The price, plain or iodized, is 10¢

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The House Next Door By Burton Stevenson

(Continued from Page 16)

A faint smile curved Mr. Chunder's lips. "I suppose I should feel relieved," he said. "Fortunately for me, I was in my office at that time. Nevertheless, perhaps



Don't let SLIGHT COUGHS GROW UP!

"Cure the little cough—that's a health precaution as wise as it is simple. How often you avoid serious coughs—simply by stopping the first little cough."

Smith Brothers' Cough Drops are its safe, sure, pleasant "cough-clickers." They give your throat gentle and long-lasting medication. (It takes fully 3 minutes to drop into a drop into a drop.) Plenty of time to soothe the sore throat, to calm irritation, and to finish the cough.

Be careful of the little cough. It's the minute your throat feels itchy.

2 KINDS

S. B. (BLACK) AND MENTHOL



CORNS



Pain Stops at Once

In one minute pain from corns and sore toes is gone. Instant relief—when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. This instant relief is produced by the soothing, healing medication in Zino-pads. They cushion and protect the sore spot, and prevent the cause from recurring.

100% SAFE

Zino-pads are safe, sure. Using harsh liquids or plaster often causes acid burn. Getting your corns or calluses rubbed in water blood poisoning. Zino-pads are small, thin, dainty. Sure for Corns, Calluses and Bunions. Sold every where—35c box.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

COLDS CAN'T COPE WITH IT!

Clear up your cold quickly and completely, with the modern Pineoleum oil treatment—that doctors recommend. Use with spray or dropper. At any drug store. Pineoleum, with medicine spray \$1.00. Pineoleum, large, for retail, 1.00. Pineoleum, with medicine dropper, 50c.

PINEOLEUM

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

you would like to know something about me? Yes?" "We should be glad to hear anything you care to tell us," said Simmonds.

"I am a nephew of Keshub Chunder Sen, of whom you have perhaps heard," Mr. Chunder began. "No! Well, he was a great Hindu reformer, the founder of the Arya Samaj. After his death in 1885, his successors became involved with the British government, and finally all his relatives were forced to leave India in order to escape imprisonment. I was brought to the country by my father. He started in business in a small way, and I continued it. I have had my present quarters for nearly ten years."

Simmonds pondered this for a moment, but there seemed nothing to take exception to, though he understood some of it as little as I did. Involuntarily he glanced toward the curtained alcove at the other end of the room.

"Oh, you are wondering about that," said Mr. Chunder with a smile. "Naturally I have kept up my religion. The nephew of Keshub Chunder Sen could not be an apostate. Four generations ago, I believe, we had a guarantee of freedom of religious worship."

"Yes, I believe it does," Simmonds agreed. "But who is that fellow in there?"

"He is a priest—a Brahmin—an ascetic—a Yogi—a very learned man and a very holy one."

Simmonds, I suspected, had his doubts about this, but he did not express them.

"What is he doing?" he asked. "He is communing with Brahman, the Universal Spirit," answered Mr. Chunder, blandly.

"But he isn't breathing," Simmonds objected.

"Oh, no, his breath is suspended. Only his body is here, to be used as a vessel."

"How long has he been like that?"

"He began his contemplation last Monday."

Simmonds, who had his hand dazedly across his mouth, said:

"I suppose," said Mr. Chunder with a smile, looking in turn at each of us, "that it seems to you unusual, but it is not at all."

"Contemplation for a Hindu is just as ordinary as the thing that you call prayer for the Christian."

"But you see the Yogi is a Hindu priest, and a very advanced one. He is not really fasting his breath. It is merely that his body functions as a period when he enters the contemplative state. There is nothing mysterious about it."

"Not to you, perhaps," said Simmonds; "but it is too much for me. Have you any servants, Mr. Chunder?"

"Oh, yes. I have a cook, a butler and a chauffeur, who also look after the grounds."

"Are they Hindu, too?"

"Yes, all of them."

"Who you live here by yourself?"

"Yes. But I usually have some friends dining with me. My friend, the Arya Samaj in America."

"What is the Arya Samaj anyway?" Simmonds asked. "A religious organization," said Mr. Chunder. "It is a sort of Hinduism—a missionary sect."

Simmonds turned this over for a moment, but suddenly found nothing to bite on.

"Have you any friends staying here now?" he asked.

"Not at the moment. But I am expecting one this evening."

"You are not married?"

Simmonds glanced at Godfrey. Evidently he had come to the end of his questions.

"We might have a look at the servants, if they are here," Godfrey suggested. "Then we will have to bother Mr. Chunder again."

"Certainly," assented Mr. Chunder, and rose and touched a bell. They are upstairs making certain arrangements for the guests who arrive this evening."

We learned nothing from the servants. The cook and the butler were men and wife, the maid was a middle-aged, respectable, and immaculate woman. The man spoke English much better than the woman, but she, with some assistance from her master, could understand our questions. The other man, who had been at home Tuesday afternoon, the gardener was a Hindu, but none of them had seen anyone enter or leave the Verity place or noticed anything unusual there. Whether or not they were speaking the truth it was, of course, impossible to say, but there was no reason to doubt or suspect them, so at last we took our leave. Mr. Chunder bowed us out with the utmost politeness.

"Well," said Simmonds, as we reached the front pavement,

"what do you make of that?"

"An extremely interesting man," said Godfrey. "And apparently quite a celebrity."

"I don't like that sort of freak going on in Mount Vernon," observed Jenkins. "It's not natural. I don't suppose there's anything illegal about it, but I'm going to keep my eye on this place."

"Suppose we go to get something to eat," suggested Simmonds, glancing at his watch. "No wonder I'm hungry! It's after two o'clock."

"I have got to get back to town," I said.

"Shall we run you down to the station?" Jenkins asked.

"Thank you—but I want to stop in for a minute to see how Miss Verity is getting on. She is expecting me."

Godfrey was looking at me with a speculative eye.

"Will you be at home tonight, Lady?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Perhaps Simmonds and I will drop in."

"Do," I said. "I'll be delighted."

"All right, then. About nine o'clock."

"I will be home all evening," I said. "Come any time."

Jenkins stopped for a word with the man he had posted in front of the house. Evidently he instructed him to remain there, for the man nodded and began pacing slowly up and down. I wondered what it was Jenkins expected him to discover. Then the three of them climbed into Jenkins' car and were driven away, while I turned into the driveway leading up to the Verity place. I found the man whom Jenkins had posted there sitting on the edge of the porch reading a paper.

"No reporters?" I asked.

"Oh, there were some," he grinned. "But I chased them away."

"That's good. I have an appointment with Miss Verity," I added, and stepped up to the porch.

"But Miss Verity isn't here. She and the nurse drove away about half an hour ago."

"She did?" I stared at him in astonishment. But . . .

"Yes, I'm wrong to let her go," he asked quickly. "The Chief didn't say anything about that. All he said was to keep the reporters away from her."

"I will be of course not," I assured him. "Miss Verity is free

to come and go as she chooses. I was surprised because I had understood her to say that she would be expecting me about this time. I misunderstood, I suppose. She didn't say how long she would be gone."

"She didn't say anything. In fact I didn't know she was going till she drove past in her car. The garage is back there behind the house and she and the nurse must have gone out through the back door and got in the car. I thought it sort of looked as though they didn't want me to see them, but there was nothing I could do."

"Miss Verity was driving?"

"Yes."

"Which way did she turn?"

"She turned up Westchester Avenue."

"Did she lock up the house?"

"I don't know. I didn't see her do it."

I noticed that all the long windows opening on the porch were closed. I tried one of them. They were locked.

"Those windows were closed when I got here," said the officer defensively. "I didn't see anything of Miss Verity till she drove past in the car. I thought she was keeping quiet on purpose."

We went around the house and tried the other doors and windows. All were fastened. "Looks like a getaway," said the officer. "Do you think I ought to tell the Chief?"

"Do as you like," I answered impatiently. "But surely it is natural enough that Miss Verity should lock up the house when she goes away. She will be back before long. There is nothing for you to worry about."

"Maybe you are right," agreed the officer. "Just the same, I think I'll call the Chief. Might as well be on the safe side."

"Do, by all means," I retorted.

(Continued on Page 20)

For Bruises and Sprains



Sure, you keep putting Sloan's on that leg every hour—you won't know you bruised it!

Sloan's Liniment brings healing white blood cells to ease pain and reduce swellings. Relieves congestion. Used in thirteen million homes. Get a fresh bottle today. Only 35c.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

TAKE SAL HEPATICA... and STOP living a half-awake LIFE!

Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you really want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons and wastes and your clean, poison-free blood will go coursing through your veins and give you a new pep and brightness. Keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica; you'll get a new pleasure out of life!

Sal Hepatica will clear the poisons from your system—wake up your body—help you get the fun out of life!

When you feel dull and half-awake and out-of-sorts, and wonder why you can't get as much joy out of life as some people do—then it's high time to find out about Sal Hepatica.

You'll not feel any different until you've cleared the poisons and wastes from your system. You have to keep internally clean to know what zest and joy are!

Instead of wondering why you "don't feel very well"—instead of envying people who are having a good time—take a Saline Treatment with Sal Hepatica. Find out what it is to feel top-notch and get all the fun that's coming to you!

Today—go to a drug store and get a bottle of Sal Hepatica. First thing tomorrow morning, stir a teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica salts into a glass of clear water—and drink down the sparkling mixture.

Just another laxative? Sal Hepatica? If you think that, you're wrong. Sal Hepatica is a carefully blended saline—Sal Hepatica contains the same salines as do the health springs at the European spas to which physicians send their wealthy patients who need to recover their health and vitality and good spirits.

Sal Hepatica does what no ordinary laxative can do—it *cleans the bloodstream*... flushes away the poisons. It tones up the system. It rids you of colds, rheumatism, headaches, digestive disorders, complexion blemishes. It never has a tendency to make its users stout. It wakes up the body to a new sense for the joy of existence! Get a bottle today.

Just another laxative? Sal Hepatica? If you think that, you're wrong. Sal Hepatica is a carefully blended saline—Sal Hepatica contains the same salines as do the health springs at the European spas to which physicians send their wealthy patients who need to recover their health and vitality and good spirits.

Sal Hepatica does what no ordinary laxative can do—it *cleans the bloodstream*... flushes away the poisons. It tones up the system. It rids you of colds, rheumatism, headaches, digestive disorders, complexion blemishes. It never has a tendency to make its users stout. It wakes up the body to a new sense for the joy of existence! Get a bottle today.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT SALTS IN THE REDUCING DIET!

Salts are valuable to women seeking to reduce. But, of course, correct diet is the first essential. See your doctor, get the right program for you. The best medication here and abroad highly recommends a dependable saline like Sal Hepatica as an aid in the reducing diet.

Whenever you wake up in the morning with dull eyes, symptoms of constipation—take 2 teaspoonsful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Promptly, gently the waters that are clogging your system will be flushed away. You'll feel fine!

To relieve the intestinal congestion which causes many headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a large glass of water. Then repeat this saline treatment in 15 minutes if not relieved. Sal Hepatica helps a lot.

The very first step in clearing up colds or flu is to clear the system 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of poisons and acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls in a glass of water before each meal and retiring. It's a real aid.

As an eliminant in rheumatism, flush out the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of poisons and acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls in a glass of water before each meal and retiring. It's a real aid.

As an eliminant in rheumatism, flush out the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of poisons and acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls in a glass of water before each meal and retiring. It's a real aid.

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CONSTIPATION
Whenever you wake up in the morning with dull eyes, symptoms of constipation—take 2 teaspoonsful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Promptly, gently the waters that are clogging your system will be flushed away. You'll feel fine!

HEADACHE
To relieve the intestinal congestion which causes many headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a large glass of water. Then repeat this saline treatment in 15 minutes if not relieved. Sal Hepatica helps a lot.

COLDS
The very first step in clearing up colds or flu is to clear the system 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of poisons and acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls in a glass of water before each meal and retiring. It's a real aid.

BAD COMPLEXION
As an eliminant in rheumatism, flush out the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of poisons and acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls in a glass of water before each meal and retiring. It's a real aid.

RHEUMATISM
As an eliminant in rheumatism, flush out the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of poisons and acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls in a glass of water before each meal and retiring. It's a real aid.

SAL HEPATICA 30¢. 60¢. \$1.20

The famous LOWNEY assortment

now sells
at the price of
20 years ago

for 15 years \$1.00 . . .
.. now back to 70¢



Award of Merit of Candy Brands Institute
this decoration is given for outstanding achievement in the art of candy making

The Seal of Merit of Candy Brands Institute
This seal is awarded to American Beauty Chocolates because they have reached a standard of quality far beyond that of any similar candy.

And American Beauty Chocolates are finer than they have ever been before!



An experiment in Dipping Chocolates

The chocolate coating for American Beauty Chocolates has been made even smoother and more delicious than ever before

LOWNEY'S American Beauty Chocolates for 70¢ a pound! And these chocolates are more delicious, with more of the sought-for homemade taste than ever before!

Always a pioneer in the candy field, Lowney is the first to pass on to you the savings in candy-making possible this year. Aided by Candy Brands Institute—the research organization of Candy Brands—this company has not only lowered the price, it has improved the quality of this famous candy!

Stop in at your nearest dealer's and ask for a pound of American Beauty Chocolates. You will see that even the box is different. New—smart—wrapped in cellophane to keep the candy absolutely fresh until it reaches you. Open it and you will find the delicious candy coated with chocolate perfected according to a new formula which makes it smoother—more taste-delighting than ever before.

There are forty-three pieces—twenty-three different kinds in this assortment:

six of them new and more expensive, added only this Fall. Nut-studded nougats and smooth, flavorful creams; tangy jelly mixtures and juicy cherries; nut-filled dates such as you find usually only in much more expensive assortments; brittle taffy and rich caramels; plump nuts and fudge-like creations. All of them the result of research and experiment—and the help of Candy Brands Institute.

After you have enjoyed this candy yourself, you will understand why Candy Brands Institute determined that American Beauty Chocolates must have some special mark of distinction; why they felt they must recommend them to the public as being far ahead of all similar candies; why, in short, they awarded them their Seal of Merit. This Seal of Merit is also awarded to Lowney's ABC Assortments; to Samoset Cloth of Gold and Moutly Assortments and to Repetti Caramels.

LOWNEY • DIVISION OF CANDY BRANDS INC.
486 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.



Testing Cooking Temperatures

The technique of properly making is so delicate that the difference of 2 degrees in the cooking temperature may be the difference between success and failure!



At work in the Institute Kitchen

Mrs. Allen and her assistants test ingredients for taste as well as for quality. They experiment with recipes and try out new methods in order to discover how to make candy still more delicious and to give it more of the wonderful homemade taste people love.



Chocolate Sponge—a favorite with children for more than 25 years! Awarded the Seal of Merit of Candy Brands Institute because of unprecedented quality and remarkable popularity. Pure! Delicious! Safe for Children! A big nickel's worth of delight! 5¢. GREENFIELD DIVISION OF CANDY BRANDS, INC., 95 LORIMER ST., B'NLYN.



The House Next Door By Burton Stevenson

(Continued from Page 18)

and turned away down the street.

CHAPTER XI.

A Conference.

I CONFESS I was considerably upset. There was, of course, no reason at all why Miss Verity should not have driven off with Miss Perry if she wanted to — she may have had some errands to do, or some detail of the funeral arrangements to attend to. Verity, I remembered, was to be cremated next morning. But when I had seen her last, she was overwrought and half-fainting. And that had been only an hour ago.

It seemed unnatural that the moment she had reached home, she had thrown off that weakness and driven away in her car on some obscure expedition. Unless it was to join Chellis somewhere — that would be an explanation. But in that case she would scarcely have taken Miss Perry along. Unless it was to drop her somewhere.

Just the same, it seemed strange that she had not waited for me. I recalled the long look — an appealing look, a call for help — which she had given me as she was leaving the police station, and how eagerly she had welcomed my suggestion that I drop in to see her after lunch. Undoubtedly she had wished my help. Now, apparently, she did not. She had felt herself in a desperate corner. Was it from that she was trying to escape? But she could not escape, by flight. Flight would only involve her more deeply. Surely she was clever enough to see that.

I glanced at my watch. It was two-fifteen — that is, the time at which she would naturally look for me. But perhaps she had expected to be back before I arrived. Perhaps she was merely taking Miss Perry home. Perhaps she was already back. It was silly to suppose that she had run away. Even to join Chellis. She would certainly see the folly of that.

I stopped hesitatingly, tempted to retrace my steps. As I stood there irresolute, I was conscious of two things. One was a pang of hunger. The other was that there was a lunchroom on the other side of the street.

I crossed over, had a glass of milk and a sandwich, and then called the Verity house on the telephone booth inside the store. I could hear the bell ringing regularly for some minutes, but there was no response.

I bought a cigar and stood in front of the place irresolutely, looking up and down the street. Not until then did it occur to me that this was perhaps the place where Miss Verity had met Chellis. Yes, the street signs showed that this was indeed the corner. I retraced mentally the distance that I had come. A rapid walk or a jog would easily in five or six minutes. The man whom Madame Carnovall had seen stepping down from the porch of the Verity place a few minutes after four o'clock on Thursday afternoon would have had plenty of time to get here for a talk with Miss Verity ten minutes later. There was not the slightest doubt in my mind that the two were the same.

I went back into the store and called Miss Verity again. Again there was no response, and at last I left the place and turned resolutely down the street in the direction of the station. It was time I put this affair out of my mind. It was becoming an obsession.

There was plenty of work waiting for me at the office. My trips to Mount Vernon had caused me to fall far behind, and I took a few papers home with me to look through after dinner. I was then engaged on my bell-rang and I opened the door to find Godfrey and Simmonds on the threshold. It was like turning the clock of time back fifteen years to see them there.

"Nice place you have here," Godfrey remarked, as he came down and looked around. "Much more than the Marston."

"Yes," I said. "I had to move out of the Marston. It was torn down, you know. Otherwise I should probably be there yet."

Godfrey looked at me smiling — a sad, ironic little smile.

"The years pass, don't they, Lester?" he said. "How well I remember when you moved into this fourteen at the Marston! A murder had been committed there two days before — a very clever murder, which we helped Simmonds here to clear up. How long ago that was! And here we still are, going around in the same old treadmill. You are a partner in four firm now, and Simmonds has had a promotion or two, and my salary has been raised once or twice, but essentially we are all about where we were then, aren't we?"

"Oh, shut up!" I said. "What you need is a highball," and I got out the ingredients.

I confess I felt the need of one myself, for the same thought had occurred to me as I looked at my two visitors. The years had rolled past — and here we were. What that all life amounted to.

"Well, here's to you!" said Simmonds, and held up his glass.

his honest face as untroubled as usual. "Simmonds is happy," went on Godfrey, after a deep draught. "And he has a right to be. For he is a success, Lester, while you and I are miserable failures."

"Oh, go on!" protested Simmonds, grinning broadly.

"It is true," said Godfrey. "And Lester knows why — don't you, Lester?"

"Perhaps I do," I admitted. "Well, suppose you tell me."

"You have got a wife and children," answered Godfrey. "That's why. How many a girl and a boy."

"Think of it, Lester," said Godfrey, raising at him enviously. "Two girls and a boy!"

Godfrey repeated. "Think of it!"

"You know that is just plain,"

remarked Simmonds. "You could get married any time you want to. Any woman would be glad to have you. But you don't really want to. And I don't know but what you are right. It is worth a lot not to have anybody around asking you where you've been."

Godfrey finished his glass and set it down with a brighter face.

"That is true, Simmonds," he agreed. "I should hate to be busy explaining where I had been. But it is pleasant to know that any woman would have me!"

Also Lester's whiskey is exceptionally good. Now suppose we get to the business in hand. What did Miss Verity have to say, Lester?"

"She wasn't at home," I said, and related my adventures.

Godfrey listened thoughtfully. "Did you try to phone her after you got back to the office?"

"No. I tried to forget her. I

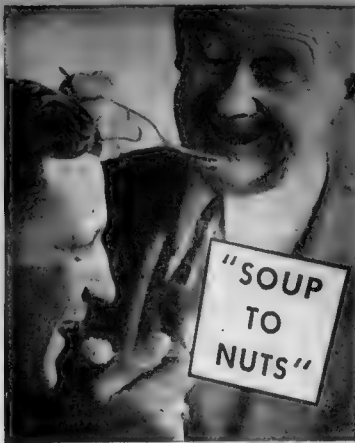
had other things to think about." "Suppose you try now." I did. There was no response. "That seems very strange," I said, as I hung up the receiver. "Perhaps she isn't answering calls — afraid it might be a reporter," he suggested. "Or perhaps she has run away to escape him. She knew of course, that they would be after her."

"That may be," I agreed, but I was far from being convinced.

"In any event, there is nothing to worry about. Miss Verity is able to take care of herself. She certainly did so on the stand." "He was looking at me closely. 'What do you mean?'" "I mean she lied very cleverly about the will. Of course, it was she who took it."

"Do you think so?" I asked, as unconcerned as I could. "Yes, I do. And so do you."

(Continued on Page 25)



They Eat Everything Without Indigestion

BOB Smith and Harry Brown used to eat lunch together every day. Their friends joked fun at them because they had "fussy stomachs." But if they ate many of the foods they really liked best, they suffered with indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, acidity and gas.

Then Bob discovered Tums, the delightful new candy-like antacid mint that prevents and relieves indigestion. He was quick to tell Harry about the wonderful results. Now they laughingly say, "Soup to nuts — we eat everything."

One day it's hamburger, the next it's mince pie. Favorite foods such as hot biscuits, cabbage, onions, coffee bring no bad after-effects. They enjoy smoking and more, too.



TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE



Simply Brushing Hair Now Ends Gray Hair

Now Her Friends Say "She Never Had a Gray Hair" Because It Does Not Have That Dull, Flat, "Dyed" Look . . .

YOU, too, can quickly, easily and surely end those gray hair handicaps by sprinkling a few drops of Kolor-Bak on your brush before brushing your hair.

If your hair is now gray, Kolor-Bak will once more give it the rich color, like beginning to grow. It will banish the invading gray and keep your hair looking young.

Method Defies Detection

No one need ever know you use Kolor-Bak; no one can ever tell. Your hair will never have that harsh, flat, dull, "dyed" look, so noticeable. There will be no tell-tale streaks. It won't tell which hairs once were gray if you use Kolor-Bak each morning. Your friends will never think you ever had a gray hair; they will look upon you as years younger than you really are.

Applied As You Brush Your Hair All you have to do to get rid of gray hair is to rub a few drops of Kolor-Bak on your brush each morning and brush your hair. No messy no sticky mess. Kolor-Bak is as clear and pleasant to use as water.

FREE 50c Box Kolor-Bak Shampoo Use Kolor-Bak as directed. Send for free sample. Write to: Kolor-Bak, Inc., Dept. 100, 1115 N. W. 10th St., Chicago 11, Ill. Enclose 2¢ stamp and postage a 50c box of Kolor-Bak shampoo.

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

"Certainly I smoke LUCKIES . . . smoked them for years"

"Certainly I smoke Luckies. I've smoked them for years. And that new Cellophane wrapper with the tab for quick opening is a knock-out. I just give it a yank and reach for a Lucky."

W. Haines



One day a movie called "Brown of Harvard" flashed on a screen. That moment a star was born — Mr. William Haines, but Bill to us. And for five years he's been leading smart-youth-feller of filmland. See him in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford."

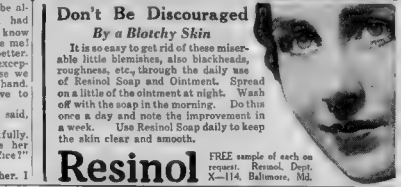
That LUCKY tab! Moisture-Proof Cellophane. Sealed tight — Ever right. The Unique Humidor Package. Zip — And it's open! See the new notched tab on the top of the package. Hold down one half with your thumb. Tear off the other half. Simple. Quick. Zip! That's all. Unique! Wrapped in dust-proof, moisture-proof, germ-proof Cellophane. Clean, protected, neat, FRESH! — what could be more modern than LUCKIES' improved Humidor package — so easy to open! Ladies — the LUCKY TAB is — your finger nail protection.



"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE! 60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N.B.C. networks.



Resinol

FREE sample of each on request. Resinol, Dept. X-114, Baltimore, Md.



Made of the finest tobaccos — the Cream of many Crops — LUCKY STRIKE alone offers the throat protection of the exclusive "TOASTING" Process which includes the use of modern Ultra Violet Rays — the process that expels certain harsh, biting irritants naturally present in every tobacco leaf. These expelled irritants are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. "They're out — so they can't be in!" No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.



Coffee delivered like
a FRESH FOOD
because it is a fresh food

LOOK FOR THE
DATE →
ON THE CAN



THE DATE INSURES YOUR GETTING THIS SUPERB COFFEE AT THE PEAK OF ITS FLAVOR

The date on the can is your absolute guarantee of full flavor

FLAVOR AND FRESHNESS!
In every perishable food these two qualities go hand in hand.

Now scientists tell us that *coffee* is a perishable food, in the same class with milk and butter, and no matter how good its flavor is when fresh, that flavor is marred by staleness.

Now, for the first time, coffee is being brought to your grocer by swift, "fresh food" delivery... the same delivery system that brings him fresh Fleischmann's Yeast daily... every can plainly marked with the date your grocer receives it.

Look for this date just as you do for the day stamped on your bottle of milk. It is your guarantee of absolute freshness and of rich, full-bodied flavor.

You can't buy a stale can of dated Chase & Sanborn's Coffee, for at the end of ten

days if there is any unsold we immediately replace it with fresh.

Coffee is perishable because it contains a delicate oil. In freshly roasted coffee this delicate oil carries the delicious flavor and aroma, but comparatively soon after roast-

ing, it begins to turn rancid, just as butter does. It actually spoils. Naturally, this rancid oil affects the flavor and aroma of the coffee.

Scientists say it is also a frequent cause of indigestion, headaches, nervousness, sleeplessness. On the other hand, it is now

known that *fresh coffee* is an actual aid to digestion.

Get a can of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee today! Enjoy its superb flavor... See what a difference freshness makes in even the finest coffee.



So that you may get it always fresh, Chase & Sanborn's is rushed to your grocer by the same swift, "fresh food" delivery service which delivers fresh Fleischmann's Yeast.

Copyright, 1927, by Chase & Sanborn Coffee Co.

THE ARTIST WHO MADE THIS DRAWING

WE PAID \$45

In just two hours time he made nearly three times the price of our Course. You can become an artist easily and quickly, thanks to the discovery of Artistic, a new principle in art instruction, developed by the head of a nationally known art school.

Right at home, in your own town, you can learn to draw and get into the big money. No more dreary hours. By our method you draw from the very start. No more need for terrific expenses—the Course, Fundamentals of Art, the Artistic, and all equipment, including personal criticism by mail. ONLY SEND NO MONEY; PAY THE POSTMAN \$16.50

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51 N. Beach Drive, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.
America's Winter Art Center

MERCOLUX WAX

Brings Out the Hidden Beauty

There is beauty hidden in every woman's face that Mercolux Wax will reveal. Mercolux Wax can make any complexion young and beautiful. The Wax melts into the pores and gently lifts off the aged and blemished surface skin that hides your true beauty. It clears away all such defects as freckles, tan and pimples. Mercolux Wax brings out the youthful smooth, white, underlain glow with new life and beauty.

Powdered Saxolite
"Adornes wrinkles and other age signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint with basil and use daily as an astringent."

Aches & Pains!

Why suffer needless misery and torturing pain of Rheumatism when the powerful, deeply penetrating quality of **BEN-GAY** quickly brings comfort and relief to throbbing pains and aches. "Ben-Gay" brings a flow of fresh blood, removes inflammation, reduces congestion. Prescribed for over 30 years for every pain of nerve and muscle.

"Ben-Gay"

Accept No Substitutes

DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR

MILLIONS use Lucky Tiger. They get rid of their dandruff, itching scalp, and as well as a superior shampoo, it also proves its value in restoring hair to its natural growth.

LUCKY TIGER

Look for this TRADE MARK. It is the only one that is a tiger. It is the only one that is a tiger. It is the only one that is a tiger.

Free TO Catholics ONLY

Send name and address, we will send you a small box of Dandruff Compound and one-fourth ounce of Lucky Tiger. Any drug store will give you a small box of Dandruff Compound and one-fourth ounce of Lucky Tiger.

DALE MFG. CO.
Dept. R-209, Ferndale, R. I.

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

To half pint of water add one ounce of hair cream, a small box of Dandruff Compound and one-fourth ounce of Lucky Tiger. Any drug store will give you a small box of Dandruff Compound and one-fourth ounce of Lucky Tiger.

Nurse Tells Secret of Happy Relief From Itching Skin

For happy relief from the itching tortures of eczema, rash, eruptions, sores and other skin troubles, apply pure, cooling, liquid antiseptic D. D. D. Prescription. It gently cleans the skin, soothes the inflamed tissues, cures oozing, itching, and itching. It is the very first application of D. D. D. Prescription does not sting the most sensitive skin. It costs only 25¢. Back to back, 50¢. All drug stores.

(Continued from Page 22)

She looked deep into his eyes. "It was awfully mean, Tony. I don't want to. But I'm a man, because I really liked her."

"Past tense now?" "I'm afraid so. Do you expect me to say I still like her?"

He turned to go for her cloak. Then he came back to her. "Not even a little bit?"

She was angry with him. Angry and humiliated. She had hated him when she loved him for her shoe. But there was a quality in him that made most people like him. Now, as he stood before her like a downcast schoolboy, she found her anger softening.

"I think you've taught me something, Tony. Something about this gay life. But you could have taught me in a nice way."

"And you don't like me any more?" "There was a hint of the old arrogance in his question. "Not the least little bit," she said.

He smiled into her face. "That's not true," he said. "You went out of the room to get her cloak. She thought of him while he was gone. It wasn't true. She had to confess it to herself."

When he came back, and held the wrap for her, his eyes were even more assured than before. "Tomorrow you'll have lunch with me, Peggy," he said. "I'll ask you then to forgive me."

"I'm afraid not, Tony." "I shall telephone you in the morning. About eleven."

"I won't do any good." "Sure!" "Quite sure."

"If you like I'll come round for you in the car." "You're not going to phone?" "I shall telephone you in the morning. About eleven."

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"I won't do any good." "Sure!" "Quite sure."

"If you like I'll come round for you in the car." "You're not going to phone?" "I shall telephone you in the morning. About eleven."

"Thanks." But Julie did not drink. The band played a quicktime fox trot. The tempo appealed to several people at the bar and they moved away into the crush of the dance. Peter found Julie a chair. She thanked him with her eyes.

The dancers began to sing as they shuffled over the packed room. The band played louder in retaliation. Someone let a bottle crash to the floor. A few people who heard the clatter above the music cheered the feat. Gus Wellbeck held Peggy's hand.

"You're not forgetting our lunch on Monday?" he asked. Julie could not hear her reply. She heard instead, through a mist of sound, Peter's voice urging her to have something to eat together.

"Just a spot," she agreed, and he turned away to get a glass. Tony, dancing with Peggy Thompson, appeared in a rift in the throng. Peggy watched them. Peggy's head was very close to Tony's. He was listening to what she said, his head lowered. He looked up and caught Peggy's eye, and instantly he smiled and drew the girl toward her.

"You know who's here?" Tony asked quickly. They said they wouldn't try to guess.

"Joe?" He appeared at that moment, dancing with Jill. Julie shook her head at Joe in slow reproach. "She insisted, Julie," he explained. "And it's her twenty-first birthday."

There was an instant demand for glasses. They drank their eyes, and instantly he smiled and drew the girl toward her.

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the full other people made the discovery of the birthday. There was more toasting. To her intense embarrassment Jill Kemper was momentarily the centre of the party.

Momentarily the band struck up again and Jill was forgotten. The people on the balcony drifted back into the hot room. The dancers shuffled across the floor. Peggy and Tony walked to the window and disappeared on to the balcony. Julie watched them over the rim of her glass.

"Those two are very thick, you know, Peter."

He had seen them go. He laughed uneasily. "I'm glad Peggy's enjoying herself."

Arthur Terry and Jill gazed away from them into the fox trot. Joe crossed the room to greet another acquaintance. "Really glad?"

"Of course. I've been neglecting Peggy lately, and I'm glad Tony's looking after her."

"What do you mean—neglecting her? Are you under some obligation to look after her?" Julie, like others, was interested in the mystery of Peter's association with his secretary.

"Of course I am." He forgot

she did not know the story. "You know that perfectly well."

"Oh, no, I don't." She put her hand on his arm. "That's one of the things you didn't tell me. There are lots more. You're a very secretive devil at times, Peter."

"Sorry."

"I wish you'd tell me more sometimes. I don't mean about Peggy, but about all kinds of things."

He was watching the window to see when Peggy and Tony returned. "All kinds of things," Julie said again with a quiet wistfulness. "I'm quite interested in you and your work. You ought to know that."

Peter brought his eyes back to her, and pressed her hand in sympathy. Julie obviously very tired and moody. "You're about the only person in the world who is, Julie."

"If not the only person," he insisted. "I owe a great deal to that interest and help of yours."

Julie summoned up a smile. She looked into his eyes affectionately. "Darling saying his little

piece," she teased gently, "knows his little sister wants cheering up." Then quickly, almost breathlessly: "You are a darling, Peter!"

He did not say anything. The usual seriousness of her disturbed him.

"I want you to be very nice to me tonight!" She looked through her brooding blue eyes at the gay, noley people filling her flat. "Not just ordinarily nice. But specially nice." Again she lapsed into the teasing mood that came to her instinctively as a protection when she had shown something of herself. "As if I were that little girl of Joe's who's having a birthday party. You know: I want to be made a fuss of; to be given all the things a growing baby shouldn't eat; and to be joyously sick if I want to! That kind of nice treat!"

He smiled into her eyes. There was little of laughter in the eyes that looked back at him.

"You see," Julie said casually, "the ticket brokers didn't make a hay on the play tonight."

The smile went out of Peter's face.

To Be Continued Next Sunday. Copyright, 1931, James Wedgwood Drawbell. All Rights Reserved.



You can fool yourself but you can't fool A COLD

You've gargled for days but your cold hasn't gone

3 out of 4 gargle uselessly while sore throats get worse and colds hang on

Don't waste dollars on antiseptics that must be used full strength. We've discovered a new antiseptic that, even when diluted with two parts of water, kills germs in 10 seconds.

GARGLING in the morning. Gargling late at night. Millions of garglers fooling themselves with mouth antiseptics that can't kill germs when mixed with water.

The colds aren't fooled . . . not bad breath . . . not germs.

If you do add water to your antiseptic—like 3 out of 4 do—get one that kills germs even when diluted. Otherwise don't expect relief from stubborn colds and husky throats.

A radical new antiseptic discovery

Modern research laboratories have thrown the market—Peppodent Antiseptic. Its formula is a radical advance. It climaxes the best antiseptic study of 50 years. A germ-killing agent is employed unlike those now in use. It makes Peppodent Antiseptic from 3 to 11 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics, depending on which one you use.

Kills germs in 10 seconds diluted with 2 parts of water

That is the startling news in this new discovery. Think! You can mix Peppodent Antiseptic with 1 or even 2 parts

of water, to suit your taste, and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. That's where most other leading mouth antiseptics fail. Yet in spite of all that power, Peppodent Antiseptic is utterly safe when used full strength. What a weapon this new antiseptic is in your fight against colds!

BAD BREATH

Peppodent Antiseptic does double duty when used full strength. It kills throat irritations. For at the same time it checks bad breath. Remember P.D. in 2 to 11 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics, and it kills germs when diluted.

New security against bad breath (Halitosis)

And please remember when you use Peppodent Antiseptic for colds you are doing double duty by also fighting bad breath. For Peppodent Antiseptic checks bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer! That's Peppodent Antiseptic's record in fighting this widespread social offense due to unhygienic mouth conditions.

Immediately after use—95% of germs on mouth surfaces are destroyed. Two hours later the number of germs remains reduced by 75%. That is far longer acting than other leading mouth antiseptics.

\$3 worth for \$1—regardless of size

To kill germs—most mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. So to mix such antiseptics with water is a waste of money. Peppodent Antiseptic, contrarily, can be mixed with twice its own volume of water. Thus every dollar you

spend on Peppodent Antiseptic goes 3 times as far—saves you \$2 for every \$1 you spend. Peppodent Antiseptic comes in 3 sizes—3 oz. for 75¢—7 oz. for 50¢—16 oz. for \$1.00. The larger the size the cheaper per ounce.

Combating a cold and checking bad breath are only two uses for this remarkable antiseptic. There are scores of other uses. Some are listed on this page. Learn to rely on Peppodent Antiseptic whenever a safe, effective germ-killing agent is required. Keep it in the home. Take it with you when you travel.

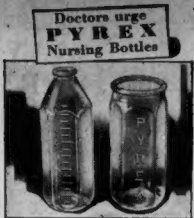
Again we say: Quit being good to germs. They've laughed at you long enough. Play safe. Buy an antiseptic that really kills germs when diluted. Remember: You can fool yourself but you can't fool a cold.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Cold in Head | After Extractions |
| Throat Irritations | Minor Cuts |
| Voice Hoarseness | Blisters |
| Bad Breath | Loose Dandruff |
| Cold Sores | Cheeks Under-Arm |
| Canker Sores | Perpiration |
| Mouth Irritations | Tired, Aching Feet |

Peppodent Antiseptic

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**Doctors urge
PYREX
Nursing Bottles**

HERE are some reasons why doctors especially recommend these bottles... On the outside, red-etched and easy to hold. Inside, free from sharp angles and readily cleaned. Quince and half-quince clearly marked. Flat-bottomed... they stand without tipping over.



Why eyes linger on her Blonde Hair

Once irresistible golden radiance! No wonder men look and look! That always happens when girls use blonde. This special shampoo makes blonde hair sparkle with new beauty, new gleam and lustre. Prevents darkening—so girls restore natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Always in demand. At all leading drug and department stores.

The House Next Door By Burton Stevenson

(Continued from Page 20)

Naturally I don't expect you to give your client away," he added, with a smile.

"I have no reason to believe she took it," I protested. "I do think she knew in a general way what was in it. I suspect that it was a threat of some sort her father was holding over her."

"Of course it was," Godfrey agreed. "I am going to look up his sources of income tomorrow, and perhaps then we can make a guess. Also I shall try to delve into the past of the Carnivals. An interesting job—especially the lady. I noticed that she impressed you quite a lot, Lester."

"Didn't she impress you?"

"She is magnificent. A sort of tigress—full of hidden possibilities, such as biting and scratching. Perhaps that is why she fascinates you so."

"She doesn't—yes, she does. She does fascinate me."

"Well, I don't blame you. All I can say is, be careful. Don't get burnt."

"Why not, Godfrey?" I demanded. "Why shouldn't I get burnt? It would do me good to get burnt. Only I am too much of a coward to go near it. I shall play safe all my life. I am afraid."

"No, you won't, old fellow!" he said. "Of course it won't; you any harm to get burnt; I mean to say we don't get burnt unless—without some thing to show for it. Do you know?"

"I have a feeling that there is a contest of

some sort on between those two women? Don't get involved in that, or you will be torn to pieces."

"What sort of contest?" I asked, incredulously.

"I don't know—over the fellow Challis, perhaps."

"Nonsense!" I protested. "You have got an imagination, Godfrey."

"Well, he is quite a fascinating man."

"Have you found him?" I asked Stinson. I had not.

slightest desire to hear about Challis' fascination.

"Not yet. He has not been at the apartment since Tuesday afternoon. He lives at a club, and the manager says he came in at about half-past five Tuesday afternoon, and left again half an hour later, carrying a bag."

"Didn't he leave an address?"

"No, he said nothing to the manager. Just walked out without looking at him. Seemed to be preoccupied about something. I wonder exactly what?"

"Looks rather bad," I commented.

"Yes," Godfrey agreed, "but just the name, I don't believe for a moment that he had anything to do with Verity's death. If he had, he wouldn't have been parading around the streets of Mount Vernon afterwards. Especially he wouldn't have stopped Verity's daughter. He would have got out of town as inconspicuously as possible. Nor, if he had any sense, would he have run away. He would have made it

a point to go about his business as usual."

"What is his business?" I asked.

"He is in the same line as Verity—Oriental philosophy. He was Verity's assistant at Columbia, and then took his place when Verity went to India. He had the reputation of being the brightest man on the faculty—and a most eccentric. Which is saying a great deal! He saw some war service and took up his job again when the war was over. Then, five or six years ago, he resigned suddenly and disappeared. Nobody knew exactly why, though there were vague rumors of domestic trouble. Also that he had gone to India. He had been at the Verity place a lot after Verity came back, helping him with his book. That is how he got to know Miss Verity, of course. He reappeared about a month ago, but hasn't any job yet. In fact, he hasn't tried to get one—at least not at Columbia."



COLDS AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE

GRANDMOTHER used to tie a stocking around her neck. Father swore by a hot-mustard foot-bath. But the modern way of relieving a cold is simply to breathe a delightful fragrance—Vapex.

Discovered in 1915 during a war-time epidemic of influenza in England, the use of Vapex has widely spread all over this nation. Millions of people find quick relief for their colds with this pleasant inhalant.

Easy to use—just a few drops on your handkerchief or the ends of your pillow. Safe—even for little children. Economical—the 31 bottles contain 100 applications (one cent apiece).

Don't forget the name—VAP-EX.

Breathe your cold away with VAP-EX



E. FOUGERA & Co., Inc. Distributors of Medical Products Since 1899

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann						
MONDAY Breakfast Cereal Custard Graham Muffins Coffee Luncheon Vegetable Chowder Roasted Rabbit Grape Tart Cakes Tea Dinner Emergency Concombre (Left - Ovens) Broiled Ham With Sauté Beans - Tomato Favonite Green Salad (Stuffed or Tossed) Jelly Apple Pie	TUESDAY Breakfast Sliced Fruit Cereal Custard Graham Muffins Coffee Luncheon Macaroni and Cheese Walnut Salad Rabbit Cakes Tea Dinner Casseroles of Left-Overs Ham and Potatoes Buttered String Beans Tomato Favonite Green Salad (Stuffed or Tossed) Jelly Apple Pie	WEDNESDAY Breakfast Sliced Fruit Cereal Custard Graham Muffins Coffee Luncheon Macaroni and Cheese Walnut Salad Rabbit Cakes Tea Dinner Casseroles of Left-Overs Ham and Potatoes Buttered String Beans Tomato Favonite Green Salad (Stuffed or Tossed) Jelly Apple Pie	THURSDAY Breakfast Sliced Fruit Cereal Custard Graham Muffins Coffee Luncheon Macaroni and Cheese Walnut Salad Rabbit Cakes Tea Dinner Casseroles of Left-Overs Ham and Potatoes Buttered String Beans Tomato Favonite Green Salad (Stuffed or Tossed) Jelly Apple Pie	FRIDAY Breakfast Sliced Fruit Cereal Custard Graham Muffins Coffee Luncheon Macaroni and Cheese Walnut Salad Rabbit Cakes Tea Dinner Casseroles of Left-Overs Ham and Potatoes Buttered String Beans Tomato Favonite Green Salad (Stuffed or Tossed) Jelly Apple Pie	SATURDAY Breakfast Sliced Fruit Cereal Custard Graham Muffins Coffee Luncheon Macaroni and Cheese Walnut Salad Rabbit Cakes Tea Dinner Casseroles of Left-Overs Ham and Potatoes Buttered String Beans Tomato Favonite Green Salad (Stuffed or Tossed) Jelly Apple Pie	SUNDAY Breakfast Sliced Fruit Cereal Custard Graham Muffins Coffee Luncheon Macaroni and Cheese Walnut Salad Rabbit Cakes Tea Dinner Casseroles of Left-Overs Ham and Potatoes Buttered String Beans Tomato Favonite Green Salad (Stuffed or Tossed) Jelly Apple Pie

American Weekly Patterns



My Baby Oh My Baby!

At THAT fearful moment when the Fangs of Fire strike one of your little ones—will you be able to stop the pain quickly? Or must your child suffer while you rush to the drug store?

Thousands of women to-day are eternally thankful that they had Unguentine on hand in the moment of emergency. For instance, this letter from Mrs. R. A. H., of Yonkers, N. Y. . . . (one of thousands of unthought letters from grateful mothers who've used Unguentine).

"When my baby was eighteen months old, he got hold of a can of scald. He got on his hands and when it began to smother he began to spit his choke. I hurriedly smeared it with Unguentine. The baby's face is perfect today. Not a scar!"

Unguentine stops the pain—quickly! It helps Nature to heal more rapidly. Rarely ever is a scar left. And, being a true antiseptic—Unguentine guards against the danger of blood poisoning.

It is a duty you owe your family to have Unguentine on hand—ready to apply immediately. Be sure to get a tube from your druggist—to-day!

Unguentine Quick!

Norwich

THE NORWICH PHARMACEUTICAL CO., Inc.
DUN - A - NORWICH, N. Y.
1931 Spaulding Ave., Toronto

For Thanksgiving... this Tempting Goodness



...at a cost so small!

In thousands of homes a mince pie for Thanksgiving is as necessary as the dinner itself, its absence from the family table as disappointing as a vacant chair.

This is particularly true in those homes where mince pie has long meant None Such. For the flavor of None Such has been America's favorite for almost half a century. The reason, of course, is all in the ingredients. None Such is the base of None Such, with a bit of choice meat, and citrus peel added for tartness—all the things that are good for you. Then rare spices, fragrant and tangy, are smoothly blended in with the skill of 45 years of mince pie making. That's why the delicate flavor of None Such can't be imitated.

Bake up a None Such pie for your Thanksgiving dinner this year.

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT



A PLEASANT AFTERNOON DRESS (7346). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material. Contrasting material will require 3/4 yard.

A NEAT MORNING DRESS FOR THE LARGER WOMAN (6977). Designed in 5 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. To make the dress in a 46-inch size will require 5 1/2 yards of material 39 inches wide. Contrasting material will require 1/2 yard 32 inches wide and cut crosswise.

A STYLISH EVENING DRESS FOR SLENDER FIGURES (7352). Designed in 5 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material. The bodice 1/2 yard.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL (7363). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 will require 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch material if made with short sleeves. With long sleeves, 3 yards will be required. Contrasting material will require 1/4 yard 32 inches wide.

A NEW DOLL OUTFIT (7338). Designed in 5 sizes for dolls: 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches length. To make a 20-inch doll will require 1/4 yard of 39-inch material. The rompers will require 1/4 yard 1 1/2 inches wide, cut crosswise.

GIRL'S DRESS (6676). Designed in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years. A 1-year size requires 1 1/2 yards of 39-inch material. For collar and cuffs of contrasting material, 1/4 yard is required, 35 inches wide. To finish collar with ruffling requires 1/4 yard 1 1/2 inches wide, cut crosswise.

GIRL'S DRESS (7356). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. An 8-year size requires 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch material if made with the

sleeves in wrist length. With sleeves in short length, 2 1/4 yards.

To obtain any of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 25 cents in coin (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES), to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS, 11 STERLING PLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS, 11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Two Patterns for 25 Cents or 15 Cents Each

7346.....Bust 7352.....Years
6977.....Bust 7363.....Years
7356.....Years 6676.....Years
7338.....Size

Name.....
St. & No.....
City & State.....

Send 10 cents in coin for our WINTER BOOK OF FASHIONS, showing 16 color pages and containing designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also hints to the Home Dress-maker.

Ivory

in 1001 different ways...

the Busy Family knows them all



PRAISES BE!

Fussy Aunt Mathilda has descended upon the Busy's for her annual holiday visit. It's extra work; but Mrs. Busy feels repaid when dear old Auntie says right out loud, "You have a lot to be thankful for, John. Having a wife who does all her own housework and still keeps her hands so soft and white". Mrs. Busy mentally blesses her Ivory Soap.

Mr. Busy is in an indulgent mood toward talkative relatives. He's had his Sunday morning shampoo, shower, and shave, Auntie's right. He has a lot to be thankful for. Mr. Busy is especially thankful for his Ivory.

*For how many of these purposes
have you tried IVORY?*

Shampoo . . . with the new Ivory Snow or the new instantly-dissolving Ivory Flakes.

Piano keys . . . stronger soaps turn piano keys yellow.

Painted woodwork . . .

Painted wicker sun-porch furniture . . . stronger soaps eat off gloss.

Enameled refrigerators . . . The alkali in strong soaps affects enamel.

Spots off carpets . . . Dip a brush into thick Ivory suds and apply to spot. Sponge off with cloth. You can clean Oriental rugs this way.

Cleaning jewelry . . . Dissolve one tablespoon Ivory Flakes in one quart of soft, hot water. When cool, stir in four tablespoons ammonia. String jewelry on a wire and immerse in the solution for fifteen minutes only; rinse in clean water and dry on an old, worn cotton cloth. Safe even for pearls.

Parchment lamp shades . . . damp cloth and Ivory. Clean a few inches at a time. Don't soak with water.

Linoleum . . . Ivory makes it wear longer. Strong soaps actually attack the linoleum.

YOU never hear Mrs. Busy complaining that she can't keep her hands looking nice "in this cold weather, with all my housework." No, indeed! Mrs. Busy keeps her hands as smooth and soft as a girl's all year 'round. Mrs. Busy uses Ivory for every single soap-and-water use in the Busy household.

"Long ago," says Mrs. Busy, "I decided that the very same Ivory Soap I was using for my baby would be good for my complexion. And I loved the way Ivory soothed my skin. Then one day I had another inspiration—why not keep my hands smooth with Ivory, too? So I began to use it for dishes and soon I changed over to Ivory for everything."

"Everything" in the Busy family means baths, faces, hands, and shampoos. It means silk undies and wooly sweaters. It means the sun-porch wicker. And enameled refrigerators—and printed dresses, and of course, everything that touches the baby's skin.

Everybody and everything in the Busy house look spry and span and fresh as a daisy—because Ivory is "kind to everything it touches," and as pure as a soap can be.

The Busy family is like millions of nice families everywhere. They depend on Ivory. Don't you yourself like Ivory best for just about every soap-and-water use?



HELP! QUICK!

Bella is getting set for her first big dinner party. The roast is in the oven and the salad is all made. And here are three of her best napkins—soiled—and no real hot water. Bella's a quick-witted bride. She'll whisk them through a bath of Ivory Snow (Ivory Snow dissolves in lukewarm water) and they'll be clean and fresh again in five minutes. Lucky Bella—brought up to depend on Ivory Soap.

THE FLEET'S IN

Bobby was pretty mad when the family told him to take care of Toodles. Gee whiz, just when the gang was going to a football game, too. But look at him now, all smiles. He's discovered that an Ivory battleship in Bathtub Harbor can't be sunk. Ivory's mighty handy because it floats.

Toodles' enthusiastic smile indicates that he's enjoying this, too. But my goodness! He learned long ago that Ivory Soap was perfect. Hasn't it been his bath companion since he was born?



IVORY SOAP

*Kind to Everything
it Touches*

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE